

# THE CALIPH'S SECRET

AND OTHER VERSES

---

BY ALA. B. EVANS





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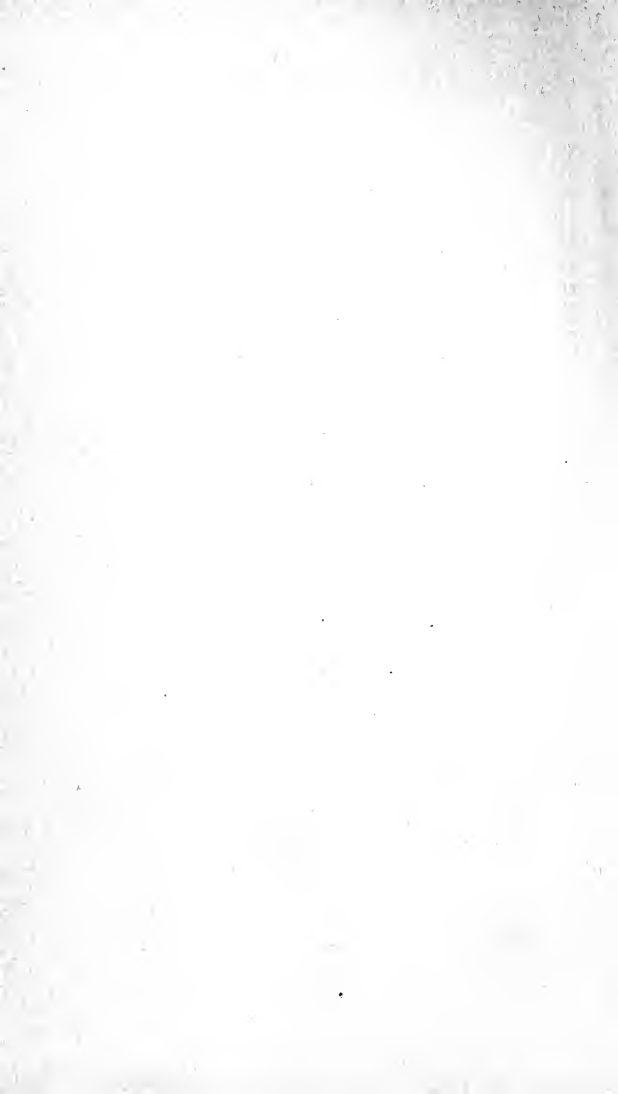
In happy recollection of two  
enjoyable crossings of the Atlantic,  
and with the affectionate regards of  
the author.

M. A. B. Evans.

Oct. 2. 1925.







# The Caliph's Secret and Other Verses

By

M. A. B. Evans

Author of "The Moonlight Sonata," "In Various  
Moods," "Nymphs, Nixies, and Naiads," etc.



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**Dedicated to**  
**NANCY EVANS NORTON**  
**AND**  
**CAROLINE HARPER NORTON**

**904131**



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## THE CALIPH'S SECRET.

**H**AROUN-AL-RASCHID often walked  
Disguised, through haunts of men,  
And gained fresh knowledge, as he talked  
With each poor citizen.

Full many winding ways obscure  
Haroun-al-Raschid saw,  
And with a justice swift and sure  
Upheld and kept the law.

Amidst the splendors of his court  
He dazzled all mankind;  
And yet he welcomed at his port  
The poor, the maimed, the blind.

Though courtiers frowned, in high disdain,  
His answer, firm and low,  
Brought ever mercy in its train:  
"I and my people know."

Haroun a secret stronghold had,  
A tower of massive stone,  
Where none might enter, good or bad,  
Save just himself alone.

## The Caliph's Secret

His courtiers whispered: "Lady fair  
Must dwell within the place.  
The Caliph hides with extra care  
This wondrous beauty's face.

"Or else he dabbles in black arts,  
In alchemy, perchance,  
Or crystal-gazing,—open hearts  
Revealed at ev'ry glance."

The Caliph smiled, and held his peace,  
And kept his counsel close,  
But never did his visits cease,  
For all their jestings gross.

None knew the secret till his death;  
When lo! they entered in,  
And gazing round, with bated breath,  
They *nothing* found therein.

This was the secret of his powers,—  
Not pride of wit or pelf,  
But strength brought by those silent hours  
Withdrawn within himself.

## MOORISH MEMORIES.

TYPE of a vanquished race,  
Proofs of a mighty reign,  
Marble wrought into lace,  
Fair Moorish castles in Spain!

Memories throng around  
Every arch and stone,  
Making a haunted ground,  
Where the Moors reign alone.

Long ere with trouble and care  
Ferdinand banished them all,  
Flourished their palaces fair,  
Fountain, and garden, and hall.

Fragrant with memories sweet;  
Bearing a message of life  
Different,—dreamy,—replete  
Both with romance, and with strife.

Strange metamorphosis  
Our busy world to us seems,  
While we look backward to this  
Civilization of dreams.

## THE ROSE OF ALGIERS.

FROM a latticed window there fell a rose,  
Far down to the street below,  
While softly above did the window close,  
With its curtain swaying slow.

No glimpse of the hidden beauty sweet  
Had the wandering passer-by,  
But only the flower, lying at his feet,  
And the minaret frowning high.

Like the Fates, with their fortunes for good or ill,  
Was that stony and menacing tower;  
But the lesson of Life was the sweet good-will  
To be drawn from the heart of the flower.

## THE SONG OF DAVID.

KING DAVID sat upon his throne,  
And called a slave, and bade him bring  
The golden harp the King alone  
Might use, whene'er he wished to sing.

With frowning brow, he struck its chords;  
They clashed and clanged,—all music fled,—  
Just like the blows of hostile swords  
Upon a battlefield of dead.

He dashed the harp upon the floor,  
And tried another, smaller one,—  
In vain attempted, o'er and o'er,—  
His words, his music, all were gone.

"Is this a spell?" the monarch cried:  
"I *will* sing!" and again: "I *will*!"  
He lifted up his voice, and tried  
To improvise, with former skill.

His fawning courtiers, bowing low,  
Cried: "Hail, great Master! Mighty Lord!  
King David's power none else can show.  
His music ages shall record!"

## The Caliph's Secret

Wroth was the King, for in his heart  
He knew he babbled; lacking sense  
His words,—his music void of art,  
Without one thrill of eloquence.

Still angry, to his chamber went  
The King, and cast himself adown  
Upon his knees, with firm intent  
To learn why all his skill had flown.

“O great Jehovah, is it not  
Enough, that I have bravely done  
To wipe away the heinous blot  
Upon my life, my reign, my throne?

“Have I not wed Bathsheba now?  
Restored the land? done all I could  
To right the wrong? and kept my vow  
In deep repentance, as I should?

“Have I not prayed and fasted, wept  
In anguish, on the sodden ground?  
By dreams been haunted, as I slept?  
In battle forced, with foes around?”

He waited, and a still, small voice  
Within his heart, in whisper low,  
Said: “If indeed once more the choice  
Were thine, O King, what wouldst thou do?

“Thou hast thy kingdom back again;  
Thy good deeds all are counted well,—  
Thou hast once more the praise of men;  
Thy glories all the world may tell.”

"All but the gift of song, O Lord,  
The mighty talent once was mine,  
Now gone,—all gone,—a broken chord,  
That wondrous gift, supreme, divine."

In agony, before his eyes,  
There came a vision, like a play,  
Again he saw the form arise  
Of fair Bathsheba, Queen to-day.

Again the choice, for good or ill,  
Was given to the King once more,—  
Alas! Repentance volatile!  
Events transpired just as before.

Then David smote upon his breast.  
"I am not worthy! This my due!  
Forgiveness comes but to the blest,  
And my repentance is not true.

"But O Jehovah, with Thy strength  
Endue my soul, for I am weak.  
Before Thy throne I fall, at length,  
A humble sinner, poor and meek."

Again the vision came. The sight  
Aroused the monarch from his prayer,—  
The garden, in the evening light,—  
Beloved Bathsheba, young and fair.

"Away! Away! Ah no! Ah no!  
The story shall not thus be told.  
Indeed, I will not live it so;  
Not for mine armies' weight in gold!"

## The Caliph's Secret

A sudden light shone o'er the place,—  
And into David's heart it stole,  
Illumining the monarch's face,  
While peace returned within his soul.

Filled with a strange, new strength, he rose,  
As from a hateful nightmare long.  
Right modestly a harp he chose,  
And took, once more, his gift of song.

"Out of the depths I called to Thee,  
O Lord, and Thou hast heard my cry,  
And showed Thy mercy unto me,  
Appointed in my sins to die.

"Let Israel rejoice in Him  
Whose power and might the angels praise,  
Whose glory never shall grow dim,—  
With harp and cymbals anthems raise.

"Praise ye the Lord! Let heaven and earth,  
Fire, wind, and snow fulfill His word.  
Kings, maidens, men,—all that have birth,  
Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!"



## IN SILENT PLACES.

O H, come away; within a desert place  
To rest awhile, apart from toil and strife,  
And meditate in silence, for a space,  
Upon the deeper, better things of life.

The world is full of folly, and of sin,  
Borne down by pride, ambition, fear, and care,  
While, like the flying winds, we whirl therein,  
With scarcely time for e'en a silent prayer.

So mad the whirl, so fast the rush of time,  
So strong the competition in the course,  
So eager are we, all the heights to climb,  
We need our utmost energy and force.

And Pleasure, ever ready for our call,  
With whispers of an earthly paradise,  
Stands close beside the elbows of us all,  
And bids us listen to her gay advice.

We hearken, more or less, each one of us.  
Each one, within the orbit of his world,  
Is sometimes selfish, vain, and frivolous,  
In Pleasure's magic mazes caught and whirled.

## The Caliph's Secret

And yet, amidst the rush and swirl, we know  
We need some hours for calm repose and rest,  
Or else our keen ambitions are laid low,—  
Pursuit of happiness would lose its zest.

Just so, the soul must have its hours of calm,  
To gather to itself the strength of thought,  
While silence pours around its healing balm,  
And, from the Infinite, new power is brought.

We learn to know the higher happiness,  
The wider, finer range of earthly hope.  
We find our little joys weigh far, far less,  
When viewed within more comprehensive scope.

Self slips away,—the world assumes new guise,  
While thoughts of others have a greater claim.  
We learn our own defects to analyze,  
And change, perhaps, the weight of praise or blame.

Thus shall the silent places bring repose,  
And knowledge of a broad and heart-felt creed,  
To make the desert blossom as the rose  
With flowers of kindly thought, and word, and deed.

## THE INCENSE BURNER.

**B**EFORE the incense burner sat a Hindu priest.  
His thoughts, alas! were sadly wandering; at  
least,  
He feared so, as he sat and blinked and nodded  
there,  
With none his nightly vigil or his thoughts to share.  
He knew not how the dragging hours were passing  
by,  
Or if the morning's sun and heat were drawing nigh.  
Perchance he slept a little, as the incense rose,  
At least, he certainly fell into just a doze.  
When suddenly, 'mid consternation and surprise,  
The incense flamed, a mighty cloud, before his eyes,  
O'ershadowing the glowing image of the god;  
For Buddha silent sat, without a beck or nod,  
But smiling still, though gradually lost to view,  
Beyond the dense, white cloud, shot here and there  
with blue.  
That smile of mystery! It surely was not lost!  
It brooded e'er the fate of man, whate'er the cost!  
Ah, no! the cloud was parted, but not Buddha seen.  
It was a figure strange, of quite another mien,—  
And smiling down, with kindly eyes, of wondrous  
power,  
The God-Man came, a vision rapt, to claim His  
hour.

With hands outspread He stood, as blessing all mankind,

The poor, the maimed, the old, the young, the halt, the blind.

Those hands so ready with all helpful, kindly deeds,  
To minister to every man, whate'er his needs!

And going through the whole wide world, from place to place,

To give to all the living gospel of His grace,—

The brotherhood of man, the glowing precept true,

"Do unto others as you would that they should do."

Forever working for the hearts and souls of men,

And if they stumbling, fell, to raise them up again.

Not idly sitting, waiting, like great Buddha there,

And doing naught to lift the world from fear and care,

So wrapped in contemplation, not in acts, of good,

That only by the wise men is he understood.

In glorious contrast shone the Figure in the cloud,

As leaning forward, low the Kingly Head was bowed.

But hark! a crowing cock proclaimed the dawn of day,

And, with a breath of wind, the cloud was blown away.

Upon his pedestal still Buddha sat and smiled,

And, with his majesty, the waiting world beguiled.

The priest, aroused, was shocked, for when he looked about,

Behold! the fires of incense, burned, had quite gone out!

## AFTER THE DURBAR.

THE pomp of glory and the pride of power,  
The wealth of honors lavished on the King,  
The vast processions, marching hour by hour,—  
How much of true allegiance do they bring?

The stately ceremonies, day by day,  
The gorgeous Indian princes, bowing low,  
Their homage and their fealty to pay,—  
How far, in trouble, would their ardor go?

The blazing jewels and the cloth of gold,  
The Oriental trappings rich and rare,  
The splendid carriages,—how many hold  
Brave hearts that stormy times would truly share?

The elephants and camels, with their train  
Of dusky squadrons,—would these loyal be?  
And side by side with English troops retain  
The empire for their monarch o'er the sea?

The King looks on, and tries, as man to man,  
Through all the pageantry, the heat, the dust,  
To read each foreign face as best he can.  
The Orient is deep; he can but trust.

Time passes; and from England comes the call  
For faithful hearts to fight for her again.  
Right loyally they answer, one and all;  
None truer than her brave East Indian men!

## THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

“MAKE way for the Lord of the World!” they  
cried:

“Make way! as you must and ought!”  
And the great car swayed from side to side,  
As it rolled along in its golden pride,  
While the people prayed, and wept, and died,—  
The car of Juggernaut.

The people prayed to their heathen gods,  
And their aid and strength besought.  
They cast themselves on the sun-baked clods,  
They watched the idols for signs or nods,  
They threw themselves under (for what were the  
odds?)  
The car of Juggernaut.

A slender and beautiful Hindu girl  
On the wheel of the car was caught,  
Pressed close by the crowd in its maddened whirl,  
And sick with the sunlight's dizzying swirl,  
Pushed almost beneath, with a careless hurl,  
The car of Juggernaut.

Some British soldiers stood watching by,  
And one of them, quick as thought,  
Just seized the girl in time to defy

The heavy wheels that were drawing nigh,  
And were bringing, with many a creak and cry,  
The car of Juggernaut.

The Sun looked down, in old Puri,  
On the work that he had wrought,  
And he smiled, in his hateful, torrid glee,  
On the sick and suffering, bond and free;  
But for two young hearts he did *not* decree  
The car of Juggernaut.

For the girl was fair, and of gentle birth,  
And love is quickly taught;  
And who shall deny that upon this earth  
Is sometimes brought a little mirth  
By that which commonly causes a dearth,  
The car of Juggernaut.

By the time the later rains began,  
With health and comfort fraught,  
Far, far away were the maid and man,  
For they joined an English caravan,  
And entirely forgot, in their marriage plan,  
The car of Juggernaut.

But the gods were avenged. Though an English  
wife,  
Fair Supi forever brought,  
To the feelings with which her heart was rife  
A grateful belief in her gods of strife,  
And worshiped, e'en to the end of her life,  
The car of Juggernaut.

## THE UNKNOWN GOD.

THROUGH countless ages has the boundless might  
Of Him, omnipotent, ruled o'er the world,  
Decreed the Universe, the day, the night,—  
His forceful will through outer Chaos hurled.

Through centuries of prayer, mankind have sought  
To placate, worship, understand their God;  
By fire and blood to serve Him as they ought,  
Or meekly bow their heads beneath His rod.

Through love, a higher standard we can raise;  
Saint Paul's most glowing words preached Him alone.  
We know His attributes, His laws, His ways,  
But what He *is* continues still—unknown.



## THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

**T**HREE creeds therein have found a place,  
And each one claiming special grace;  
While over all, the shining Sun  
For centuries his race has run.

His light and warmth are freely thrown  
O'er all mankind,—and thus is shown  
The basis of whatever creed,  
For others' good, in others' need.

With self-forgetfulness, in prayer,  
Stand kindly deeds that others share.  
For all who search with wishful eyes  
May find the Rock of Sacrifice.

## THE PYRAMIDS.

BUILT of the same unyielding stone,  
On which were writ and downward hurled  
Those Ten Commandments, which alone  
Stand firm within a changing world.

Thus do these monuments sublime  
Stand fast, while ages o'er them roll,—  
Immovable, defying time,  
A lasting symbol of the soul.

To all a record, and a sign  
Of truth unchanged, without, within.  
For law is law. E'en Love Divine  
Forgives the sinner, not the sin.

TO AN EGYPTIAN OBELISK.

THOU bearest on thy face a story  
That tells of Egypt in her glory,—  
And still upon thy summit hoary,  
Shines down the sun.

Thy gods, in effigies undying,  
Here carved in stone, all time defying,  
Have left their mark, though testifying  
Their race is run.

Yet still thy silent finger showing  
The same blue sky above us glowing,  
Points out the Light of Life, o'erflowing  
All creeds as one.

## THE SHADOOF.

WHEN stony-hearted Pharaoh ruled the land,  
And kept the Israelites at his command,  
Their labor for him counted,—as, in proof,  
We watch men working still at the shadoof.

No doubt the greatest kingdoms oft are laid  
By lordly will, where toil is lowest paid,  
Where time is nothing, and where human life  
Counts only as a means for work, or strife.

For centuries awaiting better days,  
The old shadoof continues still to raise  
The river-water, as, with creaking sound,  
It serves to make the wheels of life go round.

### FATIMA.

**B**EDIZENED, painted, in the Eastern style,  
With gracious manners, and a winning smile,  
This dancing-girl is of the same design  
As that girl long ago, in Palestine,  
To whom were said the words: "Go, sin no more."  
These ring throughout the ages, o'er and o'er,  
Yet if no echo sounds in heart or will,  
The Magdalen is—unrepentant still.

## THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

THE Sphinx, a human dial of the sun,  
Carved out in stone, throws o'er the desert  
sand

A fateful shadow, while the hours still run,  
As when Egyptian monarchs ruled the land.

And year by year, within the Sphinx's spell,  
Men feel the shadow thrown across their way,  
Yet, from the mystic smile, they would compel  
An answer to their questions, when they pray.

Alas! those age-long questions, always there!  
For good or ill, despair, or joy sublime,  
Man bears away the same old hope and care,—  
Himself a shadow, 'neath the spell of time.

## THE SULTAN AND THE POET.

"YOUR verses are not good," the Sultan said.  
"Your themes are trite,—the spirit of them  
dead."

"Forgive!" replied the Poet, at his ease.  
"But let me try once more, if I can please."

He sang the Sultan's glory and renown,  
The conquests he had made, town after town.

His sweeping armies marked, in battles' train,  
Successive kingdoms new, where he might reign.

He sang of palaces the Sultan raised,—  
Of temples, built that Allah might be praised.

And wondrous fountains splashed upon the air,  
Like jewels falling into basins rare.

He sang of brilliant pageants, cloth of gold,  
With long processions of retainers old.

In glowing rhyme, he told it o'er and o'er,—  
None like the Sultan ever lived before.

"Most marvelous!" cried out the monarch then.  
"You are the Prince of Poets,—King of men!"

The Poet smiled, yet reckoned up the cost;  
For flattery will win, though thoughts are lost.

## AN EASTERN SCRIBE.

A WAITING custom, sure that it will come,  
He sits at ease, a smile upon his face,  
And guards, for use of all afar from home,  
His pens, within their heavy, brass-bound case.

The merchant, soldier, lover, sailor bold,  
Each one in turn he serves, with willing skill.  
And many secrets in his ears are told,  
And written down with rapid flowing quill.

What plots, and schemes, and plans he could divulge!  
What joys and sorrows, laughter, hopes and fears,  
And pleasures, in which he could ne'er indulge,  
Are daily poured within his listening ears!

He lives the deeds and lives of other men,  
Contented in his own small world apart;  
Yet praised be Allah! mighty is the pen,  
Which gives such knowledge of the human heart!



A BEDOUIN LOVE SONG.

WHILE the Southern Cross is gleaming  
O'er the shifting desert-sands,  
While the night is softly dreaming,  
And the heart of Earth expands,  
Come to me, my Lotus-flower;  
Let us all the world forget.  
Come within my magic bower;  
Come, without one vain regret,—  
For all Nature's mighty chorus  
Sounds from far, around, above;  
All the world, spread out before us,  
Calls thy heart to mine, dear love!

## DESERT SANDS.

THE winds of the desert have told a strange story,  
With lifting, and drifting, and shifting of sand  
That sparkles like jewels, in sunlighted glory,  
Extinguished when darkness falls over the land.

The thoughts of the desert, the life of a nation,  
Traditions as old as the Sphinx or the Nile  
Are wrought in the sands, from their very creation;  
Though shifting,—unchanging in nature, the while.

Lo! on the horizon, like shadows slow moving,  
A vast train of camels appearing in view,  
With travelers, fond of adventurous roving,  
And eager the paths of the sands to pursue.

The voice of the desert had called them to follow;  
So, leaving all civilization behind,  
They hearkened to promises, brilliant but hollow,  
That whispered a wonderful secret to find.

The heart of great Nature, they thought, lay before  
them,  
Fast beating in earth-throbs, above and below.  
The gods of the East felt this wish to adore them,  
And smiled, through a sunset of marvelous glow.

The camp in the night, with the stars ever watching,  
Was peaceful, as when all the world is asleep.  
The guards, in the firelight a brief repose catching,  
Were suddenly startled, by murmurings deep.

Quick rushed on their sight some Arabian horses,  
Well manned by fierce Moslems, who swiftly got  
down,  
Demanding a ransom from all, in their courses,  
Who dared to approach near their own hidden town.

Surprised and o'erpowered, the guards did their duty,  
And tried all they could to repel the attack;  
But nothing availed,—and with captives and booty,  
The conquering Moslem invaders turned back.

They paused, in their course, by and by, to consider  
What next they should do with their ill-gotten spoils.  
The jewels, divided, were sold to each bidder;  
The people were problems,—though held in their  
toils.

At length they decided that life should be given  
To those of the party alone to confess  
The faith of their captors. Though hard they had  
striven,  
Yet Allah it was that had brought this success.

Two pieces of wood they discovered, and laid them  
To form on the ground just the shape of a cross.  
“Great Allah be praised, and his works as he made  
them!  
Now trample on this, else your life be the loss!”

"The crescent swings high, and, forever exalted,  
The world shall bow down to it! Heed what we  
say!"

The sad little group had quite suddenly halted,  
Dismayed at the price for their lives they must pay.

The shuddering Christians considered the question,  
Though each, in his heart, knew quite well he must  
die.

Yet "Only two pieces of wood!" the suggestion  
Of one of their number, their courage to try.

Americans, English, and Frenchmen were present,  
Italians, and Germans, and some Russians, too,  
An orthodox noble, two women, a peasant,—  
And each one decided on what he would do.

Whatever the creed, yet for most of the captured,  
The cross stood for all that is holy and good.  
Some fell on their knees, some with vision enraptured,  
Stood quietly waiting to shed their hearts' blood.

A scientist and a gay Frenchman were walking  
A little apart, and debating the case.  
Each listened with care while the other was talking,  
For each was a skeptic, and felt out of place.

No visions of heavenly glories to cheer them  
Came rushing before their keen, earthward-bound  
eyes.

No angel-songs sounded in ears that could hear them,  
Or hearts that could flutter, in humble surprise.

"For civilization, alone, we shall do this,  
And waste both our lives!" said the scientist then.  
"But surely we must help our poor comrades through  
this!"  
"Yet what would avail? We are only two men!"

"But since the cross stands for all civilized kindness,  
Advancement of thought, and true freedom of life,  
We will not degrade, in compulsion, or blindness,  
The cross to this heathenish crescent of strife!"

So, with their companions, these two took their places,  
Resolved to abide by whate'er might befall.  
With reverence true and sincere in their faces,  
They knelt, and awaited their fate,—one and all.

But hark! in the distance a welcome sound coming!  
Fresh guards were approaching, at threatening speed;  
And while in the prisoners' ears were yet thrumming  
Their captors' revilings, lo! friends in their need!

The tables were turned,—and the Moslems, out-  
numbered,  
Rode off in hot haste, intent only to save  
Their lives; and with booty they could not be cum-  
bered.  
Their captives, with tears, thanked the rescuers  
brave.

Again to the cross they kneeled down, in devotion,  
And thanksgiving, too, for their wondrous escape.  
Once more the whole caravan, set into motion,  
Went onward, less scattered,—compact in its shape.

The sands have changed many times, over and over,  
Yet facts are ingrained, like this story of guile.  
The charms of the desert new pilgrims discover,—  
The gods of the East still continue to smile.

## THE LAST CHARGE OF THE MAMELUKES.

WITH flashing sabres waved on high,  
They wheeled their horses round,  
And, like a whirlwind from the sky,  
They dashed across the ground.

Invoking Allah, on they came,  
In wide, outspread array,  
And like a scourging, searing flame,  
They onward forced their way.

As two great strong encircling wings,  
Their enemies to hold,  
They tried their fiery battle-swings,  
As oft before, of old.

But now a new and mighty power,  
In solid forces massed,  
Soon showed the Mamelukes their hour  
Of victory was past.

For even when Napoleon's ranks  
Were driven back, elsewhere  
They formed again, a strong phalanx,  
A still unconquered square.

## The Caliph's Secret

Again and yet again they wheeled,  
Those Moslem warriors brave;  
But Fate indeed their doom had sealed,—  
Their lives they could not save.

Alas! retreat became a rout!  
Each horseman quickly fled,  
As fast as he could wheel about,  
And urge his steed ahead.

And when next day the River Nile  
Gave up those drowned in flight,  
Such jewels and such wealth, erstwhile  
Undreamed of, came to light.

For each man, on his person bore  
His wealth, in coins of gold  
Or jewels bright, a mighty store,  
For victors to behold.

Where once they ruled, now beaten down,—  
Their fame, like Egypt's, stained.  
For her no more the lotus crown;  
New masters, all she gained!



## MIRAGE.

A DESERT vision, sand and sky  
Contrive to make the eyes believe;  
A city with its buildings high,  
And waving trees that all deceive.

With sparkling fountains, minarets,  
That shine in sunlight dazzling fair,  
With rapid flowing rivulets,  
And luscious fruits beyond compare.

A desert lesson to mankind,  
When soon the magic vision fades;  
For none, however old or blind,  
Life's unrealities evades.

Alas! to learn the false from true  
How difficult it sometimes seems!  
How many paths our feet pursue;  
And often,—we regret our dreams!

## THE TEMPLE BELLS.

**I**N a sea of liquid glory  
Sinks the sun.  
Time has told his daily story;  
All is done.

Now the Temple bells are calling,  
Soft and low.  
Gently through the tree-tops, falling  
Lights, aglow.

All the Temple bells are saying:  
"Come to prayer!"  
Each one swinging, rocking, swaying,  
Ringing there.

In this hour, ere sunset glowing  
Turns to night,  
Creeds, like human hearts o'erflowing,  
Yearn for light.

### ALMOST.

PERSUADED,—almost,—thus Agrippa stood  
At just the fateful parting of the ways.  
Within his heart, how much of right and good  
His honest, keen-felt interest betrays!

A stumbling-block to many people since,  
That “almost,” with its dark, portentous hour,  
Which, if it lacks in force to quite convince,  
Becomes so surely, quickly,—“nevermore.”

## THE PRAYER RUG.

YOUNG Jamil, at the loud Muezzin's call,  
Spread out his rug to pray, with one and all  
True Moslems who the Prophet's rules obey,  
Or try, at least, to do so when they pray.

Why was it that a figure passing by,  
With wondrous, glowing eyes, half-veiled and shy,  
At just that moment should his mind distract,  
So that he scarce observed what was his act?

The very mischief was in womankind!  
Man should be born both deaf, and dumb, and blind!  
He quickly threw himself upon the ground,  
But spread his rug, alas! the wrong way round!

He closed his eyes, and fervently he prayed,—  
Then rising, greatly was his soul dismayed  
To find his rug of prayer was pointed *wrong*.  
Now would ill fortune follow him along?

Or would intention count, instead of deed?  
What was the force of any form or creed?  
He still asks, if he gained the grace he sought,  
Or if those prayers, inverted, went for naught.

HEARD IN A STREET OF CAIRO.

“**B**ETRAY him? nay,—I call a halt!  
This never can be so!  
For I have eaten of his salt,  
And he of mine, you know.”

Thus spake an Arab chieftain bold,  
And quickly walked away;  
Lest by some fact unguarded told,  
He might his friend betray.

If e'er “the world” that Arab meet,  
What will be his surprise  
To find so many laugh, and eat,  
Then leave, and—criticize!

## THE CAMEL DRIVER.

BECAUSE his comrades urged him, and because  
In camel hire there was just then a pause,  
Mohammed Ali gambled,—as he sat  
And sulked, upon his well worn Persian mat.

No luck went with him, yet he gambled on,  
Till piece by piece, his money all was gone,—  
And he had not the wherewithal to buy  
A supper for himself or his ally.

He looked upon the camel, in the sun,  
Still chewing calmly, as he had begun  
When coin was plentiful, and supper sure.  
Enough for days the camel could procure.

Then recognizing sadly, in dismay,  
Work must be found, else he would pass away,  
He saw the force of that old saying true,—  
The camel was the wiser of the two.

## IN AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

WITH his wares duly spread in the sun,  
Sat old Yusef, the merchant, at ease;  
For his bargains that day were all done,—  
He would take no more trouble to please.

“That dog of a Christian!” he sneered,  
“He would not give all that I asked.  
By Allah! he mocked me and jeered,  
While here in the sunlight I basked.

“Ah well! if I only received  
*Twice* its worth for the trinket I sold,  
I shall surely next time be believed,  
And get *four* times its cost for my gold.”

So he chuckled, and, closing his eyes,  
He presently nodded, in sleep.  
For old Yusef was crafty and wise,  
And he sold all his articles “cheap.”

## THE BLIND BEGGAR.

A BLIND old beggar, in a street  
Of Cairo sat, and whined:—  
“Alas! no food have I to eat!  
Have pity on the blind!

“O stranger! Baksheesh! Hear my cry!”  
He thrust a dirty hand  
Upon the foremost passer-by,  
Repeating his demand.

The money given,—from his eyes  
He wiped his tears away.  
The stranger, glad to sympathize,  
Yet cared no more to stay.

Still, turning round, he looked behind.  
Alas! for all his pains!  
With sparkling eyes, that beggar *blind*  
Was counting up his gains!



## ALADDIN'S CAVE.

THE cave of Aladdin is not far away;  
In fact, it is quite close at hand,—  
Where treasures untold may be found in array,  
By those who its doors understand.

Here diamonds sparkle and shine like the sun,—  
Bright wit, glowing love, and romance,  
The fires of emotion that sometimes can stun,  
With the force of a magical glance.

Here envy and jealousy never find room,—  
Each gem is for any to take;  
While pearls of true wisdom, dispelling all gloom,  
Bring comfort for ev'ry heart-ache.

The virtue of rubies, the emeralds' hope,  
Golden deeds, in a full flowing stream,  
With lamps of blue sapphire, of marvelous scope,  
Shining out like a wonderful dream.

Ev'ry gem that in all the wide world can be bought  
May be had for the asking or look;  
For the cave is the region of beautiful thought,  
And each door to the place is—a book.

## REINCARNATION.

**I**F I could on this pleasant earth appear  
In after years, in some new chosen guise,  
I'd be a gentle zephyr; in your ear  
To whisper how I love your lips, your eyes,  
Your hair, your whole dear self,—and all day long  
I'd blow,—and sing to you my sweetest song.

## A SANDALWOOD FAN.

LIKE a spirit, it haunts one, at times,  
With dreams, and with visions so fair,—  
Faint bells, with their soft, Eastern chimes,  
Ring out, on the musical air.

Clear sunshine, and warm, balmy skies,  
No cloud to obscure the fair view,  
A glimpse of bright, wonderful eyes,  
Shining out, their perfumed veilings through.

Indian temples, or those on the Nile,—  
Dark sorcery, under whose spell,  
Even time can roll backward a while,  
And all of the future foretell.

Light and glow, heat and dust, desert sand,  
The jewels of Rajahs and Kings,—  
Though the power of a far distant land  
Through the East now unceasingly rings.

With laughter, with song, and with feast,  
Since its delicate mission began,—  
To bring up the thought of the East,  
There is naught like a sandalwood fan.

## AT POMPEII.

“**W**HAT are you doing here?” cried out a voice:  
And suddenly, within the ruined house,  
Where once a home existed, long ago,  
Behold! the former owner stood again,  
As in the flesh, before my mental eyes;  
Clad in the toga that he used to wear,  
And looking down upon me with a frown.  
“Think you, because we were unfortunate,  
And lost our all, that you have now the right  
To walk through our abodes, and comments make  
On how we lived, and what we thought, and did?  
Great Jupiter! if we the tables turned,  
And only once walked through your domiciles,  
As thousands wander with impunity  
Through ours, you would a lesson quickly learn.  
Go home! and pray such gods as you may have,  
To make you more respectful of the past,  
And less intrusive, where you have no rights;  
Remembering that none on earth are free,  
And that misfortunes come, to each and all.”

## HYPATIA.

**B**OTH for wisdom and for beauty  
Was she famous in her day;  
Loyalty, devotion, duty,  
Marked the conduct of her way.

Heathen gods she worshiped, truly,  
Heathen wisdom was her guide;  
Yet no act or thought unruly  
Stained her name, or hurt her pride.

Lost in Wisdom's contemplation,  
Naught to her the Governor;  
E'en the thought of elevation  
To a throne, *she* cared not for.

Yet her gods, of ancient story,  
Made her hesitate, since power  
To restore their olden glory  
Would be hers, in triumph's hour.

Blame her not, for she was acting  
From her principle of life,—  
Faith to deities exacting,  
Though o'erthrown in Christian strife.

## The Caliph's Secret

Wise Minerva did not aid her,  
Jupiter, or Juno fair,  
When that Christian mob waylaid her,  
Stoned, and beat, and killed her there.

In old Alexandria City,  
Bishop Cyril, to his shame,  
Showered, with no word of pity,  
Obloquy upon her name.

Ah well! time has changed opinions,  
Creeds, ideas, knowledge, too,  
And upon its outspread pinions  
Borne away much thought untrue.

So Hypatia stands forever,  
And where'er her tale is told,  
Wisdom's votress, truest ever,  
'Mid philosophers of old.

Holding truths once taught her gaily,  
Loyally, and unafraid.  
Christians may, in *courage*, daily  
Emulate this heathen maid.

### ALGIERS.

**A** TERRACED city, set upon a hill,—  
All white, and glowing, in the dazzling sun  
That shines upon the roofs of brilliant red,  
The blue sky all above,—to make as one  
Three races most distinct and different  
That live together closely, side by side.  
While over all, upon the fragrant breeze,  
The tricolor is floating free and wide.

## GIBRALTAR.

ENGLAND triumphant! rings the warlike cry  
From ev'ry crag and pinnacle and ledge  
Of that vast rock which towers toward the sky,  
A frowning fortress, from the water's edge.

Some great upheaval of a bygone age,  
Tremendous force of Nature, in a mood  
Most quarrelsome, in vast, Titanic rage,  
Upraised the mighty rock,—and there it stood.

And England took and held it for her own  
These many years, in face of ev'ry foe,  
A monument of strength,—but not alone  
Of conquest does it speak, for all to know.

It tells of all for which brave England stands,  
The march of Progress down the passing years,  
The white man's burden borne in foreign lands,  
The mastery of idle hopes and fears.

As long as Civilization can be seen  
Where'er the flag of England is unfurled,  
New lands made better, stronger, and more clean,  
So long shall English prowess rule the world.



## UNITED ITALY.

DREAMED of by sibyls and sages,  
Grasped at by Emperors, Kings,  
Dukes of the old Middle Ages,  
Loudly their battle-cry rings.

Plotted by Macchiavelli,  
Sung by great Dante of old,  
Fought for by Masanielli,  
Thwarted by foreigners' gold.

Longed for by many a-weary,  
Tired of the struggle and strife  
Brought by their masters most cheery  
Into their down-trodden life.

Italy, one and united,  
Rises at last in her power;  
All of her struggles requited,  
Joy in her long-deferred hour.

Honor to bold Garibaldi,  
Victor Emmanuel King,  
Mazzini, Cavour, and Grimaldi,  
Thankful, O Italy, sing.

## THE GONDOLA'S CHARM.

**B**LEST relic of a former time!  
Although its color black  
Has lost the glow of song and rhyme,  
Its charm will never lack.

For down the magic Grand Canal,  
With palaces each side,  
It sweeps along;—no thought banal  
Can spoil its stately pride.

Of ancient Councils, ladies fair,  
The Doges' lordly will,  
Each gondola, though time impair,  
Is reminiscent still.

And artists, poets, mighty kings  
Have felt its potent charm,  
Transcending sublunary things,—  
All thought of care or harm.

And so, to-night, as on we sail,  
Time's secrets it can tell.  
Its mystic magic ne'er will fail,  
Beneath the moonlight's spell.

## IRIS.

TRAILING o'er the misty lea  
Iridescent light,  
Iris comes, and shadows flee  
At her presence bright.

Smiling through the drops of rain,  
Iris, floating high,  
Casts her bright encircling train  
Through the cloud-swept sky.

Glorious both in form and hue,  
Swift she casts her spell,  
With a promise fair and true,  
And a lure, as well.

All the glories of the world,  
Freedom from all care,  
In the brilliant paths unfurled  
Through the upper air.

Promises our hearts to bless,  
Joy, and light, and life,  
Fair ideal happiness,  
Free from toil and strife.

**The Caliph's Secret**

Iris with this glimpse beguiles;  
Then, in swift disguise,  
Folds her mantle, beckons, smiles,  
Fades before our eyes.

Gladly would we heed the sweet  
Smiling beck and nod,  
Following with eager feet  
Iris, rain-bow shod.

## THE JOY OF GIVING.

A WHITE-SOULED lily raised its head  
To greet the distant sky,  
While softly round its lowly bed  
With mosses thickly overspread,  
A brooklet rippled by.

The birds sang out their sweet refrain  
In music clear and strong,  
And cheered the world with message plain  
That showed, in each melodious strain,  
The joy of giving song.

And all the glorious forest trees  
Rejoiced to give their shade,  
And waved their branches in the breeze,  
A welcome home for birds and bees,  
Throughout the leafy glade.

And so the lily, safe from harm,  
And freed from toil and care,  
Gave gladly all its beauty's charm,  
And sent its message, fragrant, warm,  
To bless the earth and air.

## TRUTH.

UP from the billows of the dancing sea  
Arose a form of phosphorescent light,  
Fair as the smile of morning o'er the lea,  
And like the sun in gleaming splendor bright.

Thus Truth first came, and found a welcome place  
In Eden, when the world was fresh and young,  
And unafraid to look upon her face,  
And listen to the music of her tongue.

In grief, she followed, as the banished pair  
Were driven forth, in exile far to roam;  
Though forfeited were Eden's glories fair,  
Yet Truth remained, to brighten still their home.

Alas! The world grew old, and filled with fear,  
And callous to the touch of spring and youth,  
And, wrapped in shadows, e'en refused to hear  
Or see the beauty of all-perfect Truth.

And now, when Truth appears, we turn away;  
Distrustful of her smile, we seek excuse.  
We *dare* not welcome her, and bid her stay,—  
Afraid, we drive her from us, with abuse.

But sometimes still she forces us to see  
Her perfect innocence, without disguise;  
Yet quickly, with the veil of Charity,  
The naked Truth is hidden from our eyes.

So, sadly does she seek again the waves  
That wash away from earth its dust and sin.  
She gladly there her troubled spirit laves,  
And finds, once more, her primal home therein.

Yet in the time to come, when o'er the earth  
Again the sea shall thunder, like a flail,  
Thence shall the world arise, in fresh new birth,  
For Truth is strong, and will, at last, prevail.

## QUEEN MAB LOQUITUR.

THIS world so sadly wise has grown,  
With so-called scientific lore,  
Mankind will seldom even own  
The world of fairies, any more.

And yet, a thousand secrets still  
Are hidden from men's mighty brains.  
What makes the wind blow as it will?  
Whence come the droughts, or sudden rains?

What is the force that draws to earth?  
Whence come the strength and power of fire?  
The miracle of death, and birth?  
Of light, and life, the heart's desire?

And even electricity,  
Of which the world makes use to-day,  
Who knows how great its power can be?  
And what it *is*, no man can say.

The laws of Fate seem all unknown;  
Or how to bring the sunshine fair,—  
While still in clumsy boats alone  
Man rises, on the waiting air.



So easy is it, just to *rise*,  
 And float along, from place to place.  
 Why will not mortals use their eyes,  
 And see and learn the fairies' grace?

Most stupidly they laugh and scoff,  
 Although they still so little know  
 They can not send a sunbeam off,  
 Or make a single grass-blade grow!

They can not e'en a cobweb spin!  
 They can not move the restless tides,  
 Or look the smallest seed within,  
 Or do a thousand things besides!

Yet in mock wisdom, still they think  
 The fairy-world does not exist,  
 And lightly throw aside the link  
 That binds both worlds, to each assist.

More *is*, in heaven and earth, than *seems*  
 In man's philosophy so drab.  
 Let mortals wisely trust their *dreams*,  
 And take assistance from Queen Mab.

## PAGEANT OF THE SEASONS.

### SPRING.

DANCING down the hill-side,  
Smiling o'er the plain,  
Now a gush of music,—  
Now a sudden rain,—  
Bursting buds and bushes,  
Hiding 'neath the trees,  
All the secret forces  
Shouting in the breeze,  
Waking up the life-blood,  
Calling far and near  
Ev'ry living creature,—  
Lo! the Spring is here!

### SUMMER.

With fragrant breath of new-mown hay  
The golden Summer wends her way,—  
The joy of life within her heart,  
Of Nature's happiness a part,  
In glorious splendor does she stand,  
And gaze upon the teeming land  
Whose riches answer to her call,—  
Herself the life and joy of all.

AUTUMN.

"Let full fruition come!" is Autumn's cry,  
Sent broadcast forth, upon the winds that blow  
Across the orchards, from the moonlit sky  
With wondrous golden radiance all aglow,  
Reflected in the colors warmly spread  
With lavish hand, to deck the happy world.  
The Harvest Queen, with crown upon her head,  
Holds regal court, her banners all unfurled.

WINTER.

Asleep, but holding close within her snowy breast  
The glowing life-blood of the universe at rest,  
And drawing into all its veins, with greatest care,  
The hidden forces of the sea, and earth, and air,—  
So Winter broods; in peace, apart from toil and strife,  
And plans the wondrous secrets of the coming life!

### THE PIPER.

THE piper piped his piping way;  
We listened to his song  
Which bore our thoughts and hopes away,  
Upon its music strong,  
Above the sordid cares of earth,  
Above life's stings and smarts.  
The Piper piped, in grief, and mirth,  
Straight into all our hearts.

## THE WINDS' QUESTION.

EVER as the twilight falling  
O'er the hills so far away  
Turns to night, the winds are calling  
For an answer from the day.

What was done with hours of daylight  
Given to each soul on earth?  
Strict accounting, in this gray light,  
Claim the winds, by right of birth.

First created, breath of being,  
O'er the brooding Cosmos hurled,  
Formless, passing, all things seeing,  
Winds of God swing o'er the world.

Sorrow, sadness, song, and laughter,  
Duties done, or follies' power,  
Each must face the question, after  
Sunset brings the twilight hour.

For the winds are calling, calling,  
From the ether, far and nigh,  
With a rushing force appalling,  
Urging thoughts to soar on high.

## UNSAID.

“**T**HINK twice!” is a motto quite frequently heard,  
Though seldom we give to it heed;  
Yet naught can recall even one spoken word  
Sent out with such perilous speed.

The sarcasm we thought, and yet did not quite say,  
The anger we throttled at birth,  
The secret we promised we ne’er would betray,  
The wit, at all cost, to bring mirth.

Ah yes! a great victory surely is won,  
When a guard o’er our lips is outspread.  
For we often repent of the things left undone,  
But rarely of those left unsaid.

## THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

HE sings, apparently content,  
Within his cage.  
There is no note of sad lament,  
Or silent rage.

Yet give him but the slightest chance  
To fly away,  
He will not pause for backward glance,  
Or longer stay.

Philosophy, of deepest kind,  
Is shown therein;  
A peaceful happiness to find  
His cage within.

For all, by circumstances, oft  
Are bound,—none free.  
The mind alone can soar aloft,  
To liberty.

## RAYS.

**A**T twenty, gazing towards the sky,  
A man, with courage firm and high,  
Demands, his dreams to satisfy,  
A ray of hope in sight.

At fifty, life to dignify,  
And make worth while, in full supply,  
He needs—his heart to gratify—  
A ray of glory bright.

At eighty, he will not deny  
That ease and comfort far outvie  
Aught else,—he asks to just descry  
A ray of warm sunlight.



## CUPID AND PSYCHE.

CUPID came flying through the air.  
Cupid came,  
Cupid came;  
He saw, and found young Psyche fair,  
Fair for a lover's game.

Wooring and winning were quickly done.  
Cupid came,  
Cupid came;  
His love departed as hers had begun,  
Ever the old, old game.

He said 'twas her curiosity.  
Cupid came,  
Cupid came;  
Love should be blind, but she wished to see,  
Spoiling his secret game.

But Cupid left, ere away he flew,  
Cupid came,  
Cupid came;  
Wings for the soul of Psyche, too,  
Better than all his game;  
Better than all his game.

## A PARADOX.

**I**N many a phase of life,  
A timely sally of wit  
Has averted serious strife,  
As all the world will admit.  
Oft a merry bit of chaff  
Brings smiles to an angry face,  
Or a clever speech and laugh,—  
For wit is a saving grace.

But the clever speech may be keen,  
With stings that rankle and burn,  
While a thought unkind and mean  
May lurk in its brilliant turn.  
For a laugh so easily shakes  
A reputation therein;  
And its very cleverness makes  
Of wit a besetting sin.

So easy it is to sneer,  
And sometimes so hard to refrain;  
For people are often queer,  
And credulous, stupid, and vain.  
Put wit and ourselves in their place;  
Good laughter is never a grin,—  
For wit is a saving grace,—  
And eke, a besetting sin.

## A WORD OF WELCOME TO GRADUATING CLASS.

A WORD of welcome is the very best  
That one can say. It gives an added zest  
To life, to welcome gladly each new day,  
With all it brings of work, or thought, or play.  
Like mercy, does it bless the one who gives  
And also him who takes. It ever lives,  
A pleasant memory of time, and place,  
And circumstance, to which it lends its grace.  
So would we welcome you. The dawning world  
Is like a magic scroll but half unfurled,  
Where you shall find the sum of days to be,  
Now shrouded in the veil of mystery.  
As friends, firm friends we greet you, knowing well  
The coming years have wondrous tales to tell.  
All these your ears shall hear,—your eyes behold  
The miracles that science shall unfold,  
The vast improvements, and the added strength  
And wisdom brought mankind, until, at length,  
Full capabilities of heart and soul  
Shall find expression in a greater goal.  
Through you, our thought would seize them, and  
rejoice  
To reach the distant years, with welcome voice,  
And in the whirl of changing forces caught,  
Hand down the torch of life, the torch of thought.

But present needs are with us, and the hour  
Calls for the exercise of other power.  
Up to this time your tasks have all been planned,  
Arranged, and settled, by the master hand.  
Now for yourselves, each one of you must do  
Those things in life which most appeal to you.  
Your own desires must help you to decide  
How each day shall be spent, whate'er betide.  
Though in the midst of stress, and storm, and strife,  
Or in the quiet of an easy life,  
The great things of the world may make appeal,  
The things worth while to do, and think, and feel,  
Forgetting smaller things, of little worth,  
The stumbling blocks of Time, upon this earth.  
Two lessons are there, vastly different,  
Each perfect for the epoch that is meant.

"Slight nothing!" is the maxim of our youth.  
And this is surely best, because our eyes  
Not clearly can discern immortal truth  
In life's first morning light. E'en the most wise  
Might pass a precious jewel in disguise.  
And as the tiny bird, that builds her nest  
In early spring, gives care the very best  
To first-laid straws, so, with most tender ruth,  
We follow Nature's, not our own behest.

But older grown, the point of view will change.  
We have not all eternity, we find,  
In which to live our earthly lives. A strange  
New power impels us, and we leave behind  
The child's repose, for strength of other kind,

Ability to pick and choose aright.

That man who shows the greatest power and might,  
And in the realm of thought has widest range,  
Is he who learns the best just *what* to slight.

Time,—time is all we any of us have,  
And how we spend it, and how much we save,  
All this depends upon ourselves. Indeed,  
The more we value it, the more we need.  
And so, with fitting choice, and longer time  
Than we,—with broader view-point in your prime,—  
With greater chances, all the world around,  
Than any which at present can be found,—  
With deeper insight, and much larger scope,  
Embodying our future, and our hope  
To help the best ideals to come true,  
O youthful comrades, *so* we welcome you.

## THE FIR TREE.

PRIMEVAL forests give the world  
Each year the Christmas tree;  
Each year its branches are unfurled,  
With welcome wide and free.

Within its veins, the sap that flows  
Is drawn from Nature's heart;  
The gifts it bears upon its boughs  
Are of that life a part.

With offerings of joy, content,  
And love, and happy cheer,  
The greatest gift of all is sent,  
The coming glad New Year.

The coming year, with all its chance  
For joy, and work, and play!  
Let Christmas fragrance still enhance  
Each month, each week, each day.

## THE CONQUERING SEA.

WHITE horses of foam and of spray  
Are the fast-charging legions of waves  
That dash, and as quickly away  
Carry off the white sands, as their slaves.

Bold chargers, in mighty array,  
They could hide the vast earth in their caves;  
Or sweep, in a sudden foray,  
All the world to their watery graves.

Yet sometimes they curvet and play;  
And each legion so mildly behaves  
That nothing could ever betray  
Their mad passion that frequently raves.

For long, long ago was the day,  
And much changed are the shores which it laves,  
When the Sea, universal in sway,  
Held the Earth, all confined, in its traves.

But always remembrance will stay,  
And forever excitement it craves.  
The Sea seeks the Earth as its prey,  
Sings a war-song, in thunderous staves,—

**The Caliph's Secret**

The last final conflict and fray;  
When perhaps once again to its glaves  
The future can never gainsay  
Or o'ercome the all-conquering Waves.

•



ET TU, BRUTE!

THE highest pinnacle of earthly power  
Great Cæsar reached; and then his mighty will,  
His force of thought, his strength, his judgment keen  
O'erthrown, by pride and selfish egotism,  
He fell. Ah! not alone assassins' wounds  
Deprived him of his life. The best of him  
Was gone already, sucked away, forsooth,  
By foul Ambition's carking canker-worms.  
This Brutus saw, and gave the final blow.  
If right or wrong, who, of us all, may judge?  
And though his own strong, high ideals failed  
In killing Cæsar, yet he killed himself,  
And, in the anguish of a tortured soul,  
He paid the penalty, for once and all.

## ALONE.

ALONE, within the sweeping world of thought,  
Each soul stands facing mighty problems old;  
And countless centuries have never brought  
An answer that could fittingly be told.

What are the mysteries of life and death?  
What are the rules that govern and that sway  
The destinies of man? A little breath  
Of chance apparently blows all away.

What governs mighty chance? What makes our fate?  
How can we rule our lives and actions well?  
When comes our final exit?—soon, or late?  
A child may ask what ne'er a sage can tell.

And yet we strive, and yield not, or despond.  
Hope buoys us up, else courage would be gone,—  
While sometimes, just a glimpse of light beyond  
Assures us that we are not quite alone.

## PENUMBRA.

### LENT.

THE mantling shadows fall,  
The sunbeams swiftly fly,  
A hush is over all,—  
The dusk is drawing nigh.

A strange, mysterious gloom  
Hangs o'er the distant hill;  
Faint odors, like a tomb,  
Are borne on breezes still.

Our souls, expectant, wait;  
Our trembling lips are dumb,—  
We know that soon or late  
The darkest hour will come.

Yet hearts with faith aglow,  
With clear, prophetic eyes,  
Believe, and feel, and *know*  
To-morrow's sun shall rise.

## THE CRIPPLE.

ONCE, in the fullness of his manhood's prime,  
He walked the earth, nor cared for wind or rain,  
Or weary hours of heavy toil and grime;  
He lightly labored, and he laughed at pain.

Now, shorn of strength, a cripple, sad and pale,  
He finds the day too long; the restless night  
Brings dreams to make the stoutest spirit quail,  
And pray the coming of the morning light.

O you who have your strength, your life, your power,  
Be thankful; aye, and pitiful in thought  
Of him, for, in your own most gloomy hour,  
Not one of you would change with him your lot.

## THE KINGDOM OF HEARTS.

THE Kingdom of Hearts is an old one,  
Its secrets are deep as the sea;  
Its ruler must aye be a bold one  
To govern his subjects so free.

For castles are nothing as strongholds  
When Love wields the magical key,  
And, whether for right or for wrong, holds  
The will of the lover in fee.

Naught for taunt or for bitter reviling,  
For chains or for dungeon cares he,  
While musical whispers beguiling  
Float over the languorous lea.

Sweet promises ne'er to be broken,  
Sworn firmly, on low-bended knee,  
A rose as a dainty love token,  
Initials carved on an oak tree,—

A song, or a smile, or a sonnet,  
What matters whate'er it may be?  
A ringlet, a ribbon, a bonnet,  
The spell of a sweetheart's decree.

And so, on and on, goes the story,  
With winsome and wild witchery,  
Through joy, gladness, sorrow, or glory,  
And sometimes a sad tragedy.

Oh, the Kingdom of Hearts is a hard one!  
And only with true bravery  
One fathoms the secrets to guard one  
And guide to a good destiny.

## THE UNIVERSAL MELODY.

A BREATH of music in the air,  
The song of birds, we know not where,  
The sighing of the evening breeze  
That gently stirs among the trees,  
The ocean's waves upon the shore,  
In rhythmic beating o'er and o'er,  
The roll of drums, an organ's notes,  
The melody from mortal throats,  
Great orchestras, or grave, or gay,  
All soul-compelling in their sway,  
All, all, are part of that vast sound  
Which whirls this universe around.

## THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

**F**AST hidden in the mountains, rocks, and trees,  
With fateful whispers borne upon the breeze,  
The great magician weaves his wondrous spells,  
And, by their influence, the world compels.  
*Time* is the mighty master of us all.  
By him we count the seasons' rise and fall,  
The passing years, the swiftly flying hours,  
The budding boughs, the gaily blooming flowers,  
The fruits of autumn, and its brilliant tints,—  
Then falling leaves, and subtle, stinging hints  
Of winter's coming, when, 'neath cloak of snow,  
New life lies waiting for the spring to show,—  
So run the years since first the world began,  
Or e'er appeared the prehistoric man.  
E'en farther backward still, long ere this earth  
Took stable form, or gave a monad birth,  
While yet a shapeless object, null and void,  
It hung in ether, dim, but undestroyed,—  
Beyond the regions of the earth or sky  
*Time* reaches back to far eternity.  
We look within the future, and again  
The great magician rules the lives of men.  
Both hopes and fears swing in the balance-test,  
And Time alone can prove what will be best.  
Full many theories, beliefs, and creeds  
Will change,—but never kindly words and deeds.



These Time will reverence, with rightful might,  
And hold them up in Truth's unchanging light;  
Till forward, ever forward, in its sway,  
It shows the light of the Eternal Day.

But *now*, in our own lives, we plainly see  
That Time is ever present, with decree  
That naught escapes,—no wealth, however great,  
No power, however strong, in church or state,  
Can purchase, in each passing day, aught more  
Of hours, than just the given twenty-four.  
These sometimes seem to linger, sometimes haste,  
Depending on how much of them we waste.  
Like all things freely given, sunshine, air,  
Or health, we oft give Time but scanty care,  
And waste it sadly, as it plainly shows,—  
We say, indeed, we know not where Time goes.  
Alas! *Time stays,—we go,—*we know not when;  
Our destiny is far beyond our ken.  
Time's magic touch can many things adjust,  
Though powers and kingdoms crumble into dust.  
When love and friendship stand the test of Time,  
They dearer grow, with e'en a thought sublime,  
To cheer each added year, as it rolls by,  
Fast held within the bonds of sympathy.  
So let us welcome Time, life's alchemist,  
Who, in his crucible none can resist,  
Will change for better future years to come,  
Wherever Hope, Faith, Love shall make their home;  
And, ere the tale of life is fully told,  
Shall turn for us the *silver* years to *gold*.

## PEACE.

WHEN o'er the Sea of Galilee  
The rough and stormy winds arose,  
A gentle Voice gave forth decree  
That brought immediate repose:  
"Peace, be still."

Whene'er the stormy seas of life  
Rise high, with fear and danger fraught,  
Amid the tumult and the strife,  
To all our hearts these words are brought:  
"Peace, be still."

When sounds of battle sweep the land,  
And waves of savage hate roll high,  
'Midst bursting shell and blazing brand,  
Oh, may that Voice divine soon cry:  
"Peace, be still."

## ACROSS THE BORDER.

**A**CROSS the border-land of sleep  
Our fancies rove at will.  
There is no height however steep,  
There is no distance, or no deep,  
But we can take it still.

Across the border-land of death  
A wondrous promise glows,—  
The highest life, immortal breath,  
All earthly thoughts far, far beneath,  
We trust,—but no one knows.

## A CHRISTMAS SPINNING SONG.'

SPIN, spin the thread of love and life,  
Of mirth and happy cheer,  
Of fireside joys for man and wife,  
And hours with youthful laughter rife,  
With ne'er a thought of stress or strife,  
The gayest of the year.

Spin, spin the song of whispers low,  
And smiling words sincere,  
'Neath holly and 'neath mistletoe.  
For wars may rage and winds may blow,  
Yet round the hearth let all men know  
That Christmas time is here.

### FREE.

THE very best things in this life are all free,  
The sunlight, and water, and air,  
The joy of the meadows, the sweep of the sea,  
The singing of birds over garden and tree,  
The scent of the blossoms so fair.

And no one can purchase a moment of time,  
Yet never eternity ends.  
Over all rings out gaily the glad New Year chime,—  
Freely come to us hope and ambition sublime,  
And, best of them all, love of friends.

## A VALENTINE VIEW.

THE sun reveals a world most fair;  
A breath of spring is in the air,  
With grass-blades showing here and there,  
To-day.

Across the limpid sky so blue,  
Each tree stands out upon the view,  
Its leaves quite ready to renew,  
To-day.

And yet, alas! nor sun nor tree  
Can make the picture bright for me,  
Because 'tis *you* I fain would see  
To-day.

## THE LAST SNOW.

IF Winter lingers, blame him not;  
For on this earth so fair,  
With sunshine sparkling o'er each spot,  
Who would not linger there?

And when the white mist of the snow  
Envelops all the world,  
And trees like passing shadows show,  
The land seems all enswirled.

Then as the sun once more appears,  
What glory glistens forth!  
The snow to ev'ry branch adheres,  
To prove and try its worth.

Ah! when some sultry summer day  
Shall lay our courage low,  
How welcome, with its cool array,  
Would be this vanished snow!

## SINCERITY.

NOT what the world may say of you  
Should be your rule and guide;  
But just your own opinions true  
Should all your acts decide.

The world can only know in part  
That which, to you alone,  
In deep recesses of your heart,  
By Truth's clear light is shown.

And each one knows, indeed, quite well,  
Just *what* to do, and *when*;  
And, to himself, he may not tell  
A falsehood, now and then.

For never any good can come  
Of lying to one's self;  
Of comfort never e'en a crumb,  
Or any gain in pelf.

So, to yourself, if you will be  
Sincere, throughout life's span,  
You can not, when thus clear you see,  
Be false to any man.



## PLAY THE GAME.

NEVER mind if things go wrong.  
Work or play, regret, or song,—  
Years from now it all will be  
Just the same, for you or me.  
Play the game.

Do your best, but never care  
Whether, through the earth and air,  
Forces work against your will.  
Go on striving, working still,—  
Play the game.

Life is short, e'en at its best,—  
Time enough for silent rest.  
Toil and pleasure, all avow,  
Find their full expression *now*.  
Play the game.

## THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

**A**N arc of glory spans the sky  
Through sun-kissed drops of rain,  
The sign of promise from on high,  
Shown forth to man again.

So, crystal clear, in Truth's white light,  
Through dewy drops impearled,  
Awakened Thought proclaims the right,—  
A rainbow o'er the world.

## LIGHT.

**R**ESTLESS dramas of the daytime,  
Shadows of the darkened night,  
Sin and sorrow, work and playtime,  
All beneath the spell of light.

*(In the country.)*

Many million miles of distance, bringing in the sunrise  
glow,  
Comes the light of morn to mortals, fresh new glad-  
some day to show;  
Scattering the dreams of midnight, rousing from the  
world of sleep,  
Life bestowing, hope upbringing from past shadows,  
dark and deep.

Hark! the lowing of the cattle, in the pastures far  
away!  
Birds a-twitter in the branches; bees a-stir at break of  
day!  
Soon the workers in the meadows will their daily tasks  
begin,—  
Children playing on the greensward, with the sound of  
merry din,—

Fishermen, beside the streamlets, struggling hard with  
rod and line  
To entrap the finny creatures in the water's morning  
shine,—  
Sportsmen shooting in the coverts, making stir of fly-  
ing wings,  
Dangerous to forest-dwellers, birds, and beasts, and  
creeping things.

Many million miles of distance, swinging in the mid-  
day glow,  
Comes the light of noon to mortals, rushing work of  
life to show;  
Scattering all thoughts of droning, making labor swift  
and strong;  
Life, in fullest flood of worktime, fast and lightly  
borne along.

In the fields the toiling workers, with short rest for  
noontide hour,  
Glory in their deeds accomplished, showing forth  
their strength and power.  
With the planting, mowing, reaping, having ever in  
their view  
Thoughts of labor well rewarded, done with heart and  
spirit true.  
And the beasts of burden answer, with a trusting, hope-  
ful call  
That the winter's store will keep them, sleek and safe,  
well fed through all.

Dogs and poultry, barking, crowing,—housewives,  
bustling at the doors,  
Cleaning, churning, cooking, sewing,—babies sprawl-  
ing on the floors.

Many million miles of distance, flinging down the  
sunset glow,  
Comes the light of eve to mortals, calm and peace of  
night to show;  
Scattering the Sandman's blessing, o'er the little ones  
at rest,  
Life renewing with sweet slumber, when the sun sinks  
in the west.

Round the evening lamplight gathered, books and  
papers all at hand,  
Music, too, to charm the weary, ready at a word's  
command,—  
On the vine-crowned porch, well shaded, in a little  
nook apart,  
Rustic lovers find a chance to tell the secrets of the  
heart.  
Night winds murmur in the branches; clouds, across  
the darkened sky,  
Float along like quiet shadows; while the river, gliding  
by,  
Sings its song of life-old wonder, in a mellow, minor  
key,  
As, like time, it hurries onward, to a vast and unknown  
sea.

**The Caliph's Secret**

*(In the city.)*

Many million miles of distance, bringing in the sunrise  
glow,  
Comes the light of morn to mortals, fresh new glad-  
some day to show;  
Scattering the dreams of midnight, shaking well the  
walls of sleep,  
Life bestowing, hope upbringing from past shadows,  
dark and deep.

Hark! the rolling tramway starting on its steady, daily  
round,  
While, like noise of distant thunder, rises, with its  
varied sound,  
All the waking of the city, with its rumble loud and  
clear,  
Many-throated, vast, far-reaching, fateful to each  
heart and ear.  
For the pulse of life goes throbbing, with electric force  
of will,  
Through the gates of morning, bringing in its wake a  
mighty thrill  
That can stir the souls of nations. Yet alas! no man  
can say  
What of good or what of evil shall be brought forth in a  
day.

Many million miles of distance, swinging in the mid-  
day glow,  
Comes the light of noon to mortals, rushing work of  
life to show;

Scattering the thoughts of midnight, making labor  
swift and strong;

Life, in fullest flood of worktime, fast and lightly  
borne along.

Hurrying to bank or office, with a face of gravest  
care,

Knowing well the fateful problems waiting for his  
coming there,

Merchant, lawyer, in whatever business a man may  
be,

Certain is he that his wits must work with right good  
energy,

If he hopes to make successful any venture he may  
take.

No thought can he give the beggar, or the idle worth-  
less rake

Going by with bloated visage. Here a vendor,—  
there a girl,—

Stately matron,—organ-grinder,—crowds and crowds,  
in one mad whirl.

Many million miles of distance, flinging down the  
sunset glow,

Comes the light of eve to mortals, with no calm of  
night to show;

Scattering a thousand twinkling lights, which every  
eye arrest,

Life renewing, joy and laughter, when the sun sinks  
in the west.

Then indeed, the city wakens,—glowing lights on  
every side,

Music sounding through half-open doors that smiling  
faces hide.

Many-sided in its pleasure, offering, in mimic scene,  
History, romance, or music,—or a melodrama keen,—  
Pictures, books, whatever wanted,—there it is, for all  
to find.

Yet alas! some sad-eyed mortals show, in truth, this  
world unkind.

Sickness, sorrow, never banished, penury,—all human  
woe

Seems a mockery of madness, in this world with stars  
aglow!

Life-scenes, acted gaily,—sadly,—

Sorrow, laughter, weakness, might,—

Through space plunging daily, madly,

In the rushing whirl of LIGHT!



## UNSTABLE AS WATER.

WITH booming thunder-roar, the mighty stream  
Of great Niagara goes rolling down,  
And plunging into space; while, like a dream,  
Arise, in spray, those figures overthrown  
Or sacrificed to that Great Spirit's call,  
Who never ceases to demand his toll  
Of death, since first the sunlight, over all  
The waters shone, and marked the sparkling goal.

From far away the never-ending flow  
Goes on and on, fed by exhaustless source;  
Relentless tragic energy to show  
In shifting water, as it bends its course,  
And wears away the rocks, and gives its power  
To benefit mankind,—yet in return,  
Demands its victims, as the rightful dower  
Of instability, which none may spurn.

A fascination lingers o'er the spot,—  
To young and old it makes its strange appeal.  
And many laugh,—and say what they would not,—  
And many dare not voice the thoughts they feel.  
A smiling, mocking, brooding mystery,  
A strong temptation, there to drown all care  
Forever, in the waves' immensity.  
Unstable! shifting! aye, but always *there!*

## KIENUKA.

### THE PEACE ROCK.

IN silent majesty supreme,  
Far back upon the inner shore  
Of great Niagara's mighty stream,  
The Peace Rock stands forevermore.

A refuge from pursuing foes,  
When Indian warfare vexed the land;  
While often this the Indians chose  
For meeting-place, when peace was planned.

Behold them seated on the ground,  
With smoking pipes, in council grave,  
Discussing peace-conditions sound  
Which might each tribe's esteem best save.

Children of Nature though they were,  
They recognized the mighty force  
Upon a nation's character  
Of times of peaceful intercourse.

And shall not we of later days,  
Enlightened, civilized, and free,  
Life up our hearts in prayer and praise  
That *universal* peace may be?

Hail Kienuka, Rock of Peace!

Forever stand, while time shall roll,  
A symbol that all wars must cease,  
And peace must reign, from pole to pole.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

FROM out of the heart of the forest,  
Orlando and Rosalind gay,  
And Celia and Oliver coming,  
Go forth on their wandering way.

From out of the heart of the forest  
And into the dwellings of men,  
These people, of Nature's great teachings,  
Can ne'er be forgetful again.

From out of the heart of the forest  
Comes all that is best upon earth.  
To courage, devotion, and duty,  
The thoughts of the forest give birth.

From out of the heart of the forest  
Hearts of oak, England's heroes are made.  
As long as a cudgel or yew-bow  
Is there, England ne'er is afraid.

From out of the heart of the forest  
Come freedom of thought and of speech;  
For in Sherwood bold Robin Hood hunted,  
Beyond where all tyrants could reach.

From out of the heart of the forest  
Whose roots go deep into the soil,  
The love of the land can be counted  
To sweeten all labor and toil.

From out of the heart of the forest,  
That spirit of strength and of power  
Forever will hover o'er England,  
Protecting in ev'ry dark hour!

## DISCOVERIES.

A WHOLE new world, a continent  
Of wondrous breadth and liberty  
Was found, by purpose diligent,  
When once Columbus crossed the sea.

How oft, by circumstances blind,  
Our paths in life are blocked, unless  
We persevere; when lo! we find  
A whole new world of happiness.

### WATER LILIES.

UP from the dirt and the slime of the river,  
Rising aloft, with the strength of life's powers,  
All of earth's dross washed away, to deliver  
White and pure-hearted, these spirit-like flowers.

## THE MAGIC ART.

**T**O catch the passing shadow's form,  
Imprison fleeting light,  
Make fast forever gliding streams,  
Or snow-capped mountains' height,  
The waving trees, the valleys fair,  
The grazing flocks and herds,  
A garden full of nodding flowers,  
A flight of bees or birds,  
The deeds, and ways, and haunts of men,  
In battle, home, or mart,  
To paint the world's great history,  
This is the magic art.



## THE WINGS O' THE WIND.

GRAY-TIPPED, outspread, upturned, and vastly  
wide,  
Well filled with mighty force, and strength, and  
power  
To rise, and float upon that borderland  
Where none may go, and e'er again return.  
Upon the pinions of the wind outborne,  
Old hopes, old loves, old hates, and fears, and woes  
Are wafted to the limbo of the past,  
Wherein they undergo a subtle change.  
For, fanned by breezes, all the dross of life  
Is blown away; naught but the gold remains.  
If one could only take the wings o' the wind  
And flee away to farthest realms of space,  
Perchance therein one might find peace and rest.  
But then, alas! one *never* could return.

## MOONBEAMS.

SWING low, swing low, O silver moon,  
And on thy brilliant beams  
Waft all who seek thy magic boon  
Out to the world of dreams.

Where all the happy thoughts come true,  
And all good wishes shine,  
Like stars within the ether blue,  
To flash the mystic sign,—

The ray of light, the silver cord,  
Sent out upon the air,  
The wave of thought,—no spoken word,—  
But love, beyond compare.

The love that bridges space and time,  
And banishes all fear,—  
That lifts the world to heights sublime,  
And brings our loved ones near.

And so, swing low, O silver moon,  
For in thy shining gleams  
My love and I meet oft and soon,  
Out in thy world of dreams.

## ARIADNE AT NAXOS.

NEVER again will the soft breezes murmur,  
Telling our secrets to streamlets that run.  
Never again will the winds, growing firmer,  
Carry our words to the far setting sun.  
Never again will love's strongest affirmer  
Conquer the spirit that Theseus has won.  
Land of my fathers I left at his bidding,  
Journeying here, to this fair sunny isle,  
All of life's worries my blissful heart ridding,  
Happy to live in the joy of his smile.

Theseus is gone now; once more as a ranger  
Wanders he over the ocean so blue,  
Leaving me lonely, a pitiful stranger,  
Though by my aid he the Minotaur slew.  
Yet am I glad that I helped him in danger,  
Thankful I gave him the wonderful clue.  
This is my solace; though love has departed,  
Ne'er can the help that I gave be denied;  
So my affection, though slighted and thwarted,  
Follows, with magical aid, by his side.

## ASTARTE.

A STARTE crescent-crowned, and cognizant  
Of all the ills that hate and love can bring,  
Looks down unheeding, hard as adamant,  
Upon the passions of a serf or king.

The world rolls on, immeshed in webs of Time,  
And life and death continue as they came.  
Astarte gazes at the endless mime,  
The play of Fate, the old old tricks and game.

She gazes, and within her flashing eyes  
Are mirrored all the evils that she sees.  
The trickster has for her no deep disguise,  
The moralist no chance for hope or ease.

She sees the evil,—nevermore the good.  
This was her punishment, when Light was born  
Into the world, with hope for all that would  
Renounce their errors, with true heart-felt scorn.

Ah, what a fate! ne'er good in man to know,  
But always evil, even in his sleep!  
Some pity for Astarte we should show;  
She *must* be dead at heart, else would she weep.

## THROUGH FOREST AISLES.

THROUGH forest aisles the whisper rings  
Low, low, low,  
And birds and beasts and creeping things  
Make answer in accents slow,—  
The call of Earth to her children dear  
That happy spring-time is drawing near,  
With promise sweet for the coming year,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

Through forest aisles green leafy swings  
Grow, grow, grow.  
Warm wind of summer softly sings  
To blossoms that brightly glow.  
The birds pour forth their melodious cheer,  
In throbbing notes so sweet and clear,  
And love is whispered in every ear,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

Through forest aisles the sylvan springs  
Flow, flow, flow,  
And kiss the leaves that autumn flings  
Swift down to the ground below.  
Some flaming red, some brown and sere,  
They rustle into the waiting mere,  
With wistful whisper for Earth to hear,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

## The Caliph's Secret

Through forest aisles sharp, icy stings  
    Blow, blow, blow,  
And blasts that ride on wintry wings  
    With feathers of fleecy snow.  
A soft white mantle begins to appear;  
It gently covers the brown Earth drear,  
And Life sleeps snugly, with ne'er a fear,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

Through forest aisles the winds of Life  
    Blow, blow, blow,  
With strange, mysterious forces rife,  
    And secrets of long ago.  
Primeval power and passions sweep  
Through woodland ways, o'er hillsides steep,  
While birds sing budding flowers to sleep,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

Through forest aisles the fires of strife  
    Glow, glow, glow,  
Where Druids' sacrificial knife  
    Culled magical mistletoe.  
The fauns, and nymphs, and dryads peep  
From trees and brooks that their hidings keep;  
But branches soar toward the blue sky deep,  
Through fair and fragrant forest aisles.

## THE JOSTLING CROWD.

IT is easy enough to be good  
All alone, in a quiet place,  
Where no clamor comes from the outer world,  
No hurrying footsteps pace.

Where the soul may rest in peace,  
And contemplate Sin and Woe  
As strangers, far beyond the pale  
Where guarded footsteps go.

But by and by the World,  
And even our loved ones, too,  
Will enter within that safe abode,  
A jostling, noisy crew.

They laugh, and chatter, and shout,  
They grumble, and praise, and smile,  
They rustle and bustle within the place,  
And its peace their words defile.

Yet we can not turn them out;  
We would not, if we could,—  
For many we like, and some we love  
With the strength of our best heart's blood.

Oh, it's easy enough to be good

    All alone; but a harder way

When the World and one's loved ones are jostling close

    One's elbow, day by day.



## AS SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

AS ships that pass in the night,  
Comes the call from out of the deep,  
With the rush of billows white,  
And the swirling waters' sweep.

With a call of rest and peace  
To all weary and laden souls;  
From the burdens of life release,  
And calm on the farther shoals.

With a message of light, and life,  
And knowledge past human ken,  
Beyond the regions of strife,  
Beyond the haunts of men.

In touch with the Universe vast,  
Alive with a sense of power,  
Far-reaching as thought out-cast  
To the realm of Eternity's hour.

So the favored souls shall alight  
On the farther shore of Sleep;  
As ships that pass in the night,  
With a call from out of the deep.

### A WOODLAND PATH.

A PLEASANT path through woodland ways,  
And leading on and on,—  
With dreams of hope, and joyous rays  
Of sunlight, glinting through the maze,  
To shine our lives upon.

### THE LAUREL WREATH.

THE laurel wreath Apollo loved,  
And all the Muses nine.  
On Mount Parnassus Friendship roved,  
And gathered bays, to twine  
For happy mortals, thus approved,  
The laurel wreath divine.



Ballades, Rondeaux, Etc.



## THE SOUL OF THE EAST.

(Ballade.)

SOFT breezes blow over the land,  
Perfuming the shore and the lea,  
And the Orient, balmy and bland,  
Throws a charm which is gladsome and free  
Over all, of whatever degree,  
Who inhale her sweet spices and nard;  
Yet none can her future foresee,  
For the soul of the East is on guard.

To strangers a welcoming hand  
Or a warily forced bended knee,—  
Yet the Orient ever shall stand  
The home of a vast mystery,  
With provoking, elusive decree  
That the roads to her secrets are barred,—  
And she mocks at the scientists' plea,  
For the soul of the East is on guard.

**The Caliph's Secret**

Though the West, to its uttermost strand,  
Was explored in a brief century,  
Though the North and the South, at command,  
Have given their secrets in fee,  
The Orient's grave lethargy  
Holds her lands; while her skies brightly starred  
Keep their magical, strange prophecy,  
For the soul of the East is on guard.

Envoy.

Soldier, diplomat, and devotee,  
Or explorer, the East is locked hard;  
And the mighty old Sphinx holds the key,  
For the soul of the East is on guard.



## A BALLADE OF SUNSET.

O H, fair is the world in the light of the morn,  
And bright are the clouds in the far eastern sky,  
When the sun is just rising, the earth to adorn,  
And the shadows of night are beginning to fly.  
Fair the brightness of noon, when the sun is on high,  
And a riot of light shines o'er hamlet and hall,—  
But the eve brings new glories of earth to the eye,  
For the colors of sunset are fairest of all.

With the bursting of buds on the willow and thorn  
Comes the spring, with its snowdrops and violets shy.  
The summer brings glory of yellowing corn,  
A wealth of bright bloom,—fields of wheat, and of  
rye.  
With colors that glow, and our hearts satisfy,  
Come the gay brilliant leaves of the bright early  
fall,  
Like the close of the day, as the shadows draw nigh,  
For the colors of sunset are fairest of all.

Fair indeed seems the world, when at first we are  
born,

And all of its glories we learn to descry,  
Ere the noontide of life has yet taught us to scorn

The dross that can glitter, but cannot supply  
That comfort of soul upon which we rely,

In the autumn of life, ere the last final call  
Shows the brightness that silences every sigh,  
For the colors of sunset are fairest of all.

Envoy.

The hope of the glories that all else outvie

Shows forth, in that promise to great and to small,  
That the Sun of To-morrow shall shine by and by,  
For the colors of sunset are fairest of all.

## THE VANISHING RACE.

(Ballade.)

THROUGH forests of hemlock and pine,  
Beside the swift waters that flow  
Where the crests of the mountains decline  
To the fair sunny valleys below,  
The winds sing a song as they blow,  
And sadness it leaves in its trace,  
For it tells, in its cadences slow,  
The charm of a vanishing race.

Here the Red Men, content with the shine  
Of the sun, or the ice and the snow,  
Considering all things benign,  
Whatever great Nature might show,  
Lived at one with the forces that go  
Wheeling through the vast orbits of space,  
And they sought nothing further to know,—  
The charm of a vanishing race.

The passions primeval design  
No quarter to friend or to foe.  
Love and hate, pride and fury combine,  
In the justice of arrow and bow.  
Greater strength shall great strength overthrow,—  
By this rule were they forced to give place;  
Yet the Red Men can never outgrow  
The charm of a vanishing race.

Envoy.

O Civilization, bestow  
On these children of Nature thy grace;  
But leave them, for weal or for woe,  
The charm of a vanishing race.

## THE PRIZE.

(Ballade.)

O H, blithely run school-days,  
When, lessons duly conned,  
We earn our meed of praise,  
Esteem to correspond,  
And honors, gravely donned  
In graduation's strife.  
Indeed, we felt we owned  
The greatest prize of life.

As years roll on, we raise  
Another test; condoned  
Our youthful idols blaze  
And fall, perhaps are stoned;  
And we in turn grow fond  
Of worldly honors, rife  
Where wealth is high enthroned  
The greatest prize of life.

**The Caliph's Secret**

Anon, in easy ways,  
We play the vagabond,—  
Our fancy lightly strays  
O'er field, and hill, and pond,  
And we would fain abscond  
With Pan, whose reed or fife  
Proclaims to Rosamond  
The greatest prize of life.

**Envoy.**

The Fates, with magic wand,  
Rule man, and maid, and wife,  
And give, here, and Beyond,  
The greatest prize of—Life.

## BALLADE OF MR. PICKWICK.

**I**N tights and gaiters, grand,  
With kindly heart, and true,  
He stands with outstretched hand,  
To gladly welcome you,  
And show you, looking through  
His spectacles, that scan  
The world with friendly view,  
An old-time gentleman.

What though he sometimes stand  
A trifling bit askew,  
And lustily demand  
A strong and heady brew?  
Or eke the same eschew?  
He shows us that he can.  
In all that merry crew,  
An old-time gentleman.

**The Caliph's Secret**

With manner firmly bland,  
E'en when defeated, too,  
He would not lightly brand  
A lady, though she sue  
Unwelcomely,—bedew  
With tears her visage wan,  
She still may trust anew  
An old-time gentleman.

Envoy.

Beloved by not a few,  
Since first his race began;  
Herein we find the clue,—  
An old-time *gentleman*.



## BALLADE OF RAIN.

WITH patter soft and still,  
The rain falls, day by day;  
The street becomes a rill,  
The dust a mound of clay.  
The children, at their play,  
Are stopped, in field and lane;  
They doubtless would gainsay  
The kindly gift of rain.

The mists across the hill  
Show ne'er a sunny ray.  
The waters of the mill  
Flow like a torrent gay.  
The wind, with gentle spray,  
Wipes off the earth all stain,  
And clears the dirt away,—  
The kindly gift of rain.

**The Caliph's Secret**

With fresh new strength we thrill;

O'er tasks we ne'er delay.

All duties we fulfill

With vigor, as we may;

And, eager for the fray,

We plan a week's campaign

At *something*,—'neath the sway,

The kindly gift, of rain.

Envoy.

Not sun alone makes hay;

That proverb is quite vain.

Both time and strength repay

The kindly gift of rain.

## THE TURNING POINT.

(Ballade.)

WITH each New Year, and all it brings  
Of opportunity to you  
And me, the many thousand things  
We plan and hope some day to do,  
When other things we have in view  
Are finished first, before we climb  
The heights beyond, we pass anew  
The fateful turning point of Time.

How like the polar-star that swings  
The needle of the compass true.  
Our thoughts, though borne on lightest wings,  
Turn back, to scan each year passed through,  
And face the coming future, too,  
When sounds the merry New Year chime,  
A tocsin, and a gay halloo,  
The fateful turning point of Time.

**The Caliph's Secret**

And, in our ears, forever rings  
The promise in the winds that blew  
O'er Eden, in those balmy springs,  
Ere yet the cords of fortune drew  
Around its habitants, and slew  
Their early destiny sublime;  
For still our strongest hopes imbue  
The fateful turning point of Time.

**Envoy.**

We feel our chances are not few,—  
We feel the strength of youthful prime.  
We know the future holds the clew,—  
The fateful turning point of Time.

## THE MAGIC FLUTE.

(Ballade.)

**H**OW it takes us back to the days of yore.  
How it trips along, in its old-world way,  
With the sound of spinets, heard long before  
Were evolved the pianos, in use to-day,  
Many gentle dames could a spinet play,  
Together with harp, or viol, or lute,  
In chamber music, now grave, now gay,—  
All, all were charmed by the Magic Flute.

See them following closely the wondrous score,  
And nodding their heads, as who should say:  
“Here’s the Master of music we all adore.  
He can move the world with his melodies’ sway,—  
He’s a courtier, too, in his fine array,  
Who knows how to bow, with a grace minute,  
Or to win one’s heart with a roundelay.”  
All, all were charmed by the Magic Flute.

For back of the rhythm, sounds o'er and o'er  
The music the reeds of Pan convey;  
And the wisdom of purely a pagan lore  
Strikes the heart of man with a mad dismay;  
Yet its rushing force mankind will obey,  
Till the end of time is past dispute.  
In vain did the nymphs and the dryads stray,—  
All, all were charmed by the Magic Flute.

Envoy.

Prince Mozart, your spell o'er us all shall stay,  
And never your melodies shall be mute.  
Most clearly can you the past portray,—  
All, all were charmed by the Magic Flute.

## THE MUSIC OF THE HEART'S REFRAIN.

(Ballade.)

WHEN first Apollo struck the lyre,  
Or Pan upon the reeds piped clear,  
The fauns and dryads to inspire  
With joy of life, or wholesome fear  
Of any danger drawing near,  
Through mountain, forest, stream, and plain,  
Was echoed to the listening ear  
The music of the heart's refrain.

The birds took up the theme. Their choir  
Gives melody for all to hear.  
Throughout the universe entire,  
The stars make music in their sphere.  
The winds all whistle, as they veer  
Around, about, and back again,  
And voice Earth's secrets through the year,  
The music of the heart's refrain.

**The Caliph's Secret**

The soul of life, the heart's desire,  
Has sounded ever, with its cheer,  
Through Druid's sacrificial fire,  
Or War's demand of all most dear.  
To soldier, sailor, pioneer,  
Across the land, or on the main,  
Sounds ever still, through each career,  
The music of the heart's refrain.

## Envoy.

Or grave, or gay, with smile, or tear,  
Whate'er strikes deep emotions' strain,  
To this we bow, in love sincere,  
The music of the heart's refrain.



## FOLK SONGS.

(Ballade.)

THE reeds and rushes softly stirred,  
And whispered, in the evening breeze,  
The fateful secrets they had heard  
From forest, stream, and waving trees,  
From butterflies, and droning bees,  
And all that in the world belongs,—  
Great Pan then made his pipes of these,  
To sing a mighty nation's songs.

The reeds, with tender withes to gird,  
Forthwith a cradle formed, to please  
The coming race, of man, or bird.  
A thousand joyous jubilees  
Rang out, in all the many keys  
Of mother-love, in untold tongues,  
And both of high and low degrees,  
To sing a mighty nation's songs.

And hymns of war that oft occurred,  
Of rites that pagan gods appease,  
Of mediæval knights, that spurred  
To follow overlords' decrees,—  
All these, in lands across the seas,  
From ancient times to modern wrongs  
And rights, voice life's humanities,  
To sing a mighty nation's songs.

Envoy.

America, thy melodies  
Shall echo over countless throngs.  
For youth is thine;—in world-wide glees  
To sing a mighty nation's songs.

## AN AMULET.

(Rondeau.)

A N amulet from o'er the sea,  
A charm, with power of strong degree,  
To ward off ills of any kind,  
Of heart or body, soul or mind,  
Was once, forsooth, bestowed on me.

Thereon were mystic figures three,  
Whose meaning, doubtless, gave a key  
To witching spells, that hid behind  
An amulet.

At least, believing, so said she  
Who gave it,—and whose least decree  
I follow, with reliance blind.  
O charm! pray work,—to make her find  
My love, throughout all time, to be  
An amulet.

## THE SHIP OF STARS.

(Rondeau.)

THE ship of stars the world to win  
Sails out, when wishes first begin,  
Through shining skies of azure hue,  
Where hopes abound, and dreams come true,  
And nothing needs our hearts chagrin.

A thousand brilliant fancies spin,  
Like phosphorescent wave-tips thin,  
While cloudy billows bright bedew  
The ship of stars.

Sweet sounds, like harp or violin,  
To music of the spheres akin,  
Accompany the favored few  
That reach the empyrean blue,  
And sail to happy havens in  
The ship of stars.

## YOUTH.

(Rondeau.)

YOUTH dances by, on fleetest wings,  
While merrily he laughs and sings,  
With ne'er a thought or dream of care.  
The sun is shining ev'rywhere,  
And all the world with music rings.

The robin on the tree-top swings,  
And gaily forth he lightly flings  
His song upon the waiting air,—  
Youth dances by.

More gay than all the birds, Youth brings  
A fund of strength that e'er upsprings,  
And makes him quick to do and dare,  
And boldly think, and bravely fare.  
He does not envy courts or kings,—  
Youth dances by.

## BECAUSE OF YOU.

(Rondeau.)

BECAUSE of you, with smiles to greet  
Mine eyes each day, your heart replete  
With love that does not change or die,  
No matter how the years may fly,  
Fate gives me more than what is meet.

And yet, one ne'er can hope to cheat  
Old Time, whose ever swifter feet  
Bring changes one would fain defy,  
Because of you.

Say not that love is obsolete.  
In pleasure's paths, or home-retreat,  
And whether dark or fair the sky,  
Each on the other can rely,—  
And so, to me all life is sweet,  
Because of you.

## 'NEATH MUSIC'S SPELL.

(Rondeau.)

'NEATH music's spell a mystic charm  
Enwraps the world, so vivid, warm,  
And soul-compelling, in its sway,  
It sweeps all thought of care away,  
Or any breath of fear or harm.

A host of vagrant fancies swarm  
In rosy clouds, without alarm  
To spend a merry hour in play,  
'Neath music's spell.

And yet it swings, with mighty arm,  
The chorus of a field or farm.  
It lisps a lover's roundelay;  
It stirs the world, as day by day,  
We feel the same old haunting charm,  
'Neath music's spell.

## THE SILVER LEAF.

◀ (Rondeau.)

THE silver leaf we oft discern,  
Far lovelier than brake or fern,  
As, shining on the aspen tree,  
It quivers in the breezes free,  
And glistens, as the sun-rays burn.

Great Hercules, the brave and stern,  
In conquests he was proud to earn,  
Wore on his brow of victory  
The silver leaf.

The years go by; we live and learn;  
We strive and struggle, hope, and yearn.  
We turn the leaves of time, and see  
That faith and hope and love,—these three  
Are guiding hands that bravely turn  
The silver leaf.



TO HIM WHO KNOWS.

(Rondeau.)

TO him who knows the touch of pain,  
With all the sorrows in its train,  
Comes ever loud and clear, the call  
To aid the sufferers, in thrall,  
To human woe, of heart or brain.

While ev'ry thought, or tiny grain  
Of sympathy, to help, sustain,  
Or comfort, counts, however small,  
To him who knows.

Ah! who life's riddles can explain?  
Yet surely would each mortal gain,  
In whatsoever might befall,  
If kindness were the rule of all.  
No creature ever cried in vain  
To Him who knows.

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"

(Rondeau.)

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!" rang out the cry,  
While sabres flashed, to testify  
His men's devotion, strong, inbred;  
They followed wheresoe'er he led,  
With valor true and courage high.

Cold, hungry, ill, they asked not why;  
Content on battlefields to die,  
For him they fought, for him they bled.  
"Vive l'Empereur!"

They gave a love none might deny,  
And trust, on which he could rely.  
Victorious,—then vanquished,—dead,—  
His spirit, over France outspread,  
Still shows his shadow passing by.  
"Vive l'Empereur!"

## WHEN DIDO DIED.

(Rondeau.)

WHEN Dido died, and later, when  
She passed within that unknown glen  
Awaiting all,—at her command  
Her blazing pyre illumed the land,  
And left a lesson, worth our ken.

Æneas was a citizen  
Of good repute as any ten  
That could be found on Afric's strand,  
When Dido died.

Yet he, most "pious" of all men,  
Made love,—then sailed away again.  
The text is plain, O maidens bland;  
Ne'er give your heart without your hand,—  
For men are fickle now, as then,  
When Dido died.

## ENTHUSIASM.

(Rondeau.)

THE fire of youth which brightly burns  
In early days, before one learns  
Discouragement, or care, or fear,  
With other ills that oft appear,  
Is life's best glow, which no one spurns.

How lightly trouble it adjourns  
Or brushes by. It scarce discerns  
The clouds, if such perchance draw near  
The fire of youth.

With added years, one sadly earns  
A knowledge of the winding turns  
Of life. Yet if, with listening ear  
One hearkens well, one still can hear  
The bounding pulse, the heart that yearns,  
The fire of youth.

## THE COURT ADJOURNS.

(Rondeau.)

THE court adjourns. However grave  
The case, it must its merits waive,  
Until a future time and hour,  
And then, perchance with added power,  
It may a better hearing have.

So runs the law; and lovers brave  
May learn a lesson, time to save,  
And worries, too, that tempers sour;  
The court adjourns.

If from Judge Cupid one would crave  
Indulgence, one should never rave  
At Fate, when clouds of trouble lower,  
Or frowns and tears come in a shower;  
True Love can wait—the winning knave,—  
The court adjourns.

## RONDO CAPRICCIOSO.

(Rondeau.)

THE nymph Caprice, in joyous guise,  
Went dancing by, to exorcise  
The stupid spirit of Ennui  
Who, o'er the earth, had made decree  
That nothing should the world surprise.

Her foe she smartly would chastise,—  
So, further still to tyrannize,  
She made him sue, on bended knee,  
The nymph Caprice.

Then, laughing in his solemn eyes,  
She bade him go, become more wise.  
He borrowed Music's wings to flee,  
Then boldly seized her, nor set free  
Till Time should well immortalize  
The nymph Caprice.

## FOR LOVE OF JOY.

(Rondeau.)

FOR love of joy, the merry way  
We often tread, unthinking, gay;  
Each laughing moment fair and bright,  
And far too rapid in its flight  
For all we need, of work, or play.

And, though we may not always stay  
Amid the flow'ry meads of May,  
We greet the snow, so pure and white,  
For love of joy.

Naught can the seasons' course delay,  
Or Time's swift transit e'er gainsay.  
Yet eyes with faith and hope alight  
Will find, amidst the darkest night,  
Sure promise of the coming day,  
For love of joy.

## MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

(Rondeau.)

MIDSUMMER sprites may often be  
By mortals known, whose eyes can see.  
The passers-by oft look this way,  
Behold these merry elves at play,  
And, in their hearts, they envy me.

For mine are these dear fairies free,  
Throughout the summer's jubilee.  
Right joyous is each merry day,  
'Mid summer sprites.

But wintry winds bring stern decree  
To bird, and squirrel, flower, and tree;  
And fairies may not longer stay.  
Yet, with the summer's first warm ray,  
O come again, with mirth and glee,  
Midsummer sprites.



## THISTLE-DOWN.

(Rondeau.)

BORNE on the wings of destiny  
That flutter through infinity,  
Behold, a bit of thistle-down!  
Who knows whence lightly it was blown?  
Through tragedy, or comedy?

With comrades of inconstancy,  
While striking out in anarchy,  
Strong forces claimed it as their own,  
Borne on the winds.

A symbol of life's mystery,  
Now floating by, in symmetry.  
Sharp thistles fall, and overthrown,  
They lose their power, for evil shown.  
So let our troubles pass us by,  
Borne on the winds.

## CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

(Rondeau.)

THE candles burn, each one a jet  
Of living, shining glory, set  
Upon the fragrant Christmas tree,  
A symbol of the mirth and glee  
That make the world its cares forget.

A little while, the toil and fret  
Of life, with all its vain regret,  
Consume away, as, flaming free,  
The candles burn.

The happy hours go by,—and yet,  
The light may shine for all then met  
Within its Spirit's kind decree.  
Ah! through the year, o'er land and sea,  
Filled with the Christmas fragrance, let  
The candles burn!

## THE KITE.

(Rondeau.)

ON soaring wings, this fragile toy  
Delights the heart of ev'ry boy  
Who loves to watch the swallows fly,  
And follows close, with knowing eye,  
The swirling flights that they enjoy.

A kite was once made to convoy  
That mighty force in man's employ;  
It "seized the thunder from the sky,"  
On soaring wings.

Perchance some day one might decoy  
Still other forces, to destroy  
Or bless. In realms of ether high,  
Our thoughts reach towards Infinity.  
Could one but rise, past earth's annoy,  
On soaring wings!

## IN PRIMROSE PATHS.

(Rondeau.)

IN primrose paths our feet have trod,  
Through mazy walks, o'er verdant sod,  
'Mid palaces of mighty mien,  
Where wondrous portraits smile serene,—  
With jewels rare, and flowers odd.

Where horses, urged by bit and rod,  
Swift flew, as if with lightning shod,  
The sun shone o'er a brilliant scene,  
In primrose paths.

Through picture galleries to plod  
Was pleasant task; and *tantum quod*,  
The evening light, with dazzling sheen,  
Threw gayer pictures on the screen.  
In truth, Fate led, with kindly nod,  
In primrose paths.

## IMPOSSIBILITIES.

(Rondel.)

WE do not gather berries 'neath the snow,  
Or harvest-apples in the early spring.

Why then expect success in any thing,  
Without the time or energy to grow?

And if affection's warmth we ne'er bestow,  
How can we look for friendship answering?

We do not gather berries 'neath the snow,  
Or harvest-apples in the early spring.

The strongest force of all, above, below,  
The one the surest happiness to bring,  
Is just to persevere, and laugh, and sing,  
For summer comes, though wintry winds may blow,—  
We do not gather berries 'neath the snow.

## OBSTACLES.

(Rondel.)

TWO dragons, Space and Time,  
Are keeping us apart.  
Dost think a dragon's heart  
Would yield to lilting rhyme?

If so, I'd quickly climb  
Parnassus, at the start.  
Two dragons, Space and Time,  
Are keeping us apart.

Yet all the hours that chime  
Sing songs of where thou art;  
While stars with love-light dart,  
To drive from heights sublime  
Two Dragons, Space and Time.

## THE LOVE OF YOUTH.

(Roundel.)

THE love of youth fore'er remains  
Within the human heart forsooth,  
No one its mighty power disdains,  
The love of youth.

And sharper than a serpent's tooth  
The thought of all that appertains  
To coming years,—with age uncouth.

No wonder that in flowery plains  
Men sought that wondrous Fount, whose truth  
Lies in our minds, our hearts, our brains,  
The love of youth.

CARE FREE.

(Roundel.)

Q UITE free from care, young children roam the  
fields,  
And gather berries and sweet blossoms fair,  
With all good things that Mother Nature yields,—  
Quite free from care.

To them the forces of the earth and air  
Give strength, while sunshine ever o'er them wields  
Its growing power, in which all youth may share.

Ah! still that same great force that freely shields  
The young, would save us from life's wear and tear,  
If we would wander oftener afields,  
Quite free from care.



ACROSS THE SEA OF DREAMS.

(Triolet.)

A CROSS the Sea of Dreams  
Your voice comes sweet and low.  
Like melody it seems,  
Across the Sea of Dreams.  
Day's troubles it redeems  
With happy thoughts; and so  
Across the Sea of Dreams  
Your voice comes sweet and low.

## PERSEVERANCE.

(Triolet.)

WE may not see the way  
For all we wish to do,  
Though if we dared to say:  
“We may not see the way,”  
Our strength would falter,—nay,  
Push on, and carry through.  
We may not *see* the way  
For all we wish to do.

## FRIENDS.

(Triolet.)

A FRIEND! What is a friend?  
One whose affections last?  
How could one e'er offend  
A friend? What is a friend?  
The trees deep roots extend,—  
Spring blossoms soon are past.  
A friend! What *is* a friend?  
One whose affections *last*.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE OF LIFE.

(Sonnet.)

A CROSS the sea there comes a ringing call,  
A rushing, swirling sound in earth and air,  
With dreams of great adventure, past compare,—  
While rising, like a vast, o'erhanging wall  
Of cloud, that threatens in its mighty fall,  
Yet sweeps away all thought of earthly care,  
The sky obscured with wondrous visions fair;  
Then light-crowned darkness brooding over all.

So swings the soul within that mystic realm,  
Where all must travel, whether soon or late.  
And though, with joy to linger yet a while,  
Thrice happy he, who, seeing at the helm  
The mighty Truth, can calmly death await,  
And enter th' Unknown Country with a smile.

## EASTER.

(Sonnet.)

THE shining sun dispels the wintry gloom  
Of Lenten shadows, while the keen spring blast  
Awakes the blossoms, coming forth at last,  
And rising from their heavy, earth-bound tomb,  
To fill the world with fragrance and with bloom.  
And though betimes the skies are overcast,  
Yet are our souls at rest, our fears all past;  
There doubt and dread shall nevermore find room.

Some rain must fall to wash the dross away;  
Some clouds of sorrow to each one must come.  
And yet the wondrous promise given to men  
Shines forth each year, a star of brightest ray,  
To lighten all our journey troublesome,—  
Life, life in fullest form shall come again.

## FRIENDSHIP.

(Sonnet.)

WHEN first the joys of friendship are revealed,  
And one can in the thoughts of others find  
One's own reflected in a kindred mind,  
New vistas open, heretofore concealed.  
In flowing words, emotions once congealed  
Find utterance; like rivers left behind  
And racing swift to reach the ocean kind.  
Against the woes of life one's heart is steeled.

With friendship true, then nevermore a foe  
Can trouble make, or sorrow broadcast fling;  
For nothing sad or evil can draw near,  
When trust and love protect where'er they go.  
E'en time itself will added pleasures bring,  
For friendship dearer grows with ev'ry year.

## THE CORONATION OF MARIE DE MEDICIS.

(Sestina.)

**I**MPOSING stately, with the gorgeous train  
Of nobles following her ev'ry step,  
King Henry's consort is at last made Queen,  
And duly crowned, as she had longed to be;  
Well knowing her position more secure,  
No matter what the future days might bring.

Yet little did she think what these would bring,  
Or all the sorrows coming in their train.  
To-day she walks in majesty secure,  
Her husband's care well guarding ev'ry step,  
That naught might mar her dignity, or be  
A trouble to his Medicean Queen.

So, robed in splendor, ev'ry inch a Queen,  
She passes up the aisle, as if to bring  
Good luck to France, for all the days to be;  
While Henry watches all the mighty train,  
The gorgeous jewels sparkling at each step,  
Himself well hidden, in his nook secure.

## The Caliph's Secret

Her sceptre, orb, and coronet secure,  
The trumpets blare, and hail her France's Queen.  
She pauses for a moment on the step,  
And motions to a courtier, that he bring  
Her children to her side,—so, in her train,  
They might a part of her high glory be.

Next day, with tournament and dance, to be  
An added pleasure, seemed both safe, secure,  
And certain to increase that mighty train,  
Of whom were many, for the happy Queen,—  
With gifts and pageantry, to fitly bring  
A close to this, her most momentous step.

Alas! next day a quickly running step  
Proclaimed to her that tragedy, to be  
Forever fateful to the land, and bring  
A mighty grief, where most they felt secure.  
The King, assassinated, left his Queen  
To cope alone with circumstances' train.

Alas! once more her train must calmly step  
Behind their widowed Queen, and seek to be  
A help secure,—her son's long reign to bring!



## GALILEO BEFORE HIS JUDGES.

(Sestina.)

HOW little could his words the Council move!  
Foregone conclusions are so quickly reached  
That naught which he might say in self-defense  
Would find an echo in his judges' minds;  
And yet his theories he dared to state,—  
Beliefs accepted now, by all the world.

Upon him were the eyes of all his world,  
To see what next in turn would be the move  
To silence him, the so-called foe of State  
And Church,—this dreamer, whose conclusions  
reached,  
Could not be shaken, though the little minds  
Of those in power were deaf to his defense.

They gave him chance to speak in his defense,  
In truth; but yet, the movement of the world,  
The heavenly bodies, which to their dense minds  
Around the Earth alone were wont to move,  
Seemed useless, if their normal functions reached  
Above, beyond the power of Church and State.

And so, for Galileo bold to state  
The laws of gravitation, in defense  
Of greater, universal laws that reached  
Far out in ether, and from world to world,  
Was heresy; for which the only move  
To make, was *torture*,—deed of cruel minds.

Awhile quite firm he stood, and in the minds  
Of some of those who tried him for the State  
Arose the doubt that they could ever move  
His will; yet, be it said in his defense,  
When he abjured the truth before the world,  
The utmost limit of his strength was reached.

In mortal agony, his thoughts outreached  
Beyond, to coming years, and later minds.  
And so, despised, he knelt before his world,  
And, in a shirt of hair, in piteous state,  
Renounced the moving sphere. Yet in defense,  
And 'neath his breath, he said: "Still, it *does* move."

O hero, by whose move was justly reached  
The truth, in thy defense a thousand minds  
Give honor now, and state, o'er all the world!

## CALLED BACK.

(Villanelle.)

I HEARD a flute far down the street,—  
It sounded like the pipes of Pan,  
Where dreams of past and present meet.

And with its music, soft and sweet,  
It bridged of life a wondrous span,—  
I heard a flute far down the street.

While time, whose passing is so fleet,  
Rolled backward, as it sometimes can,  
Where dreams of past and present meet.

Again I saw the dear retreat  
Where first our tale of love began.  
I heard a flute far down the street.

With roses twined, an arbor neat,  
So easy was it then to plan,  
Where dreams of past and present meet.

Alas! our visions met defeat!  
Youth is a daring artisan.  
I heard a flute far down the street,  
Where dreams of past and present meet.

## FATE.

(Villanelle.)

OF course, Fate ever rules us all,  
As no one can, in truth, dispute;  
Yet by ourselves we stand or fall.

A paradox, perhaps a thrall  
Of will, this statement absolute,—  
Of course, Fate ever rules us all.

It sometimes seems a darkened pall  
Upon the deeds we prosecute,  
Yet by ourselves we stand or fall.

Whate'er we do,—or great, or small,  
Life's tales our records constitute.  
Of course, Fate ever rules us all.

Though driven up against a wall  
Of logic we can not confute,  
Yet by ourselves we stand or fall.

Admit the past beyond recall,—  
Yet ours, to will each act minute.  
Of course, Fate ever rules us all,  
Yet by ourselves we stand or fall.

## A MALAY LOVE SONG.

(Pantoum.)

AS calls the wind unto the sea,  
With murmurs soft and whispers low,  
So comes my cry, dear love, to thee.  
Before thy feet my heart I throw.

With murmurs soft and whispers low,  
The sea sweeps onward to the shore.  
Before thy feet my heart I throw,—  
Ah! smile upon me, I implore!

The sea sweeps onward to the shore,—  
Its mighty billows roll along.  
Ah! smile upon me, I implore!  
And sing to me the sea's sweet song.

Its mighty billows roll along  
In music, for the winds to hear,  
And sing to me the sea's sweet song,—  
Ah! then I fancy thou art near.

In music for the winds to hear  
The voice of love sounds in the air,—  
Ah! then I fancy thou art near,—  
I call thee, but thou art not there.

The voice of love sounds in the air,—  
The moon breaks from the passing cloud.  
I call thee, but thou art not there,—  
Again I call, and still more loud.

The moon breaks from the passing cloud  
To let her brightest beams shine through.  
Again I call, and still more loud,  
In accents ringing, strong, and true.

To let her brightest beams shine through,  
Comes Hope, within the yearning heart.  
In accents ringing, strong, and true,  
I call thee, wheresoe'er thou art.

Comes Hope, within the yearning heart.  
I wait thine answer, sweet and shy.  
I call thee, wheresoe'er thou art,  
And trust my love to win reply.

I wait thine answer, sweet and shy—  
So comes my cry, dear love, to thee—  
And trust my love to win reply,  
As calls the wind unto the sea,

## IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLES.

(Pantoum.)

THE South Sea Isles, with flowers perfumed,  
With gentle breezes blowing fair  
The waving palms, with branches plumed,—  
Who would not wish to linger there?

With gentle breezes blowing fair,  
While ev'ry view is sure to please,  
Who would not wish to linger there,  
Where life is free, and filled with ease?

While ev'ry view is sure to please,  
O'er river, mountain, sea, and shore,—  
Where life is free, and filled with ease,  
And care and trouble seem no more.

O'er river, mountain, sea, and shore,  
The skies bestow a wondrous spell,  
And care and trouble seem no more  
In these enchanted lands to dwell.

The skies bestow a wondrous spell  
From universal ether brought.  
In these enchanted lands to dwell,  
There came a Master-Mind of thought.

From universal ether brought  
In answer to great Nature's call,  
There came a Master-Mind of thought,  
Who gave an added charm to all.

In answer to great Nature's call  
He told his tales, in sheer delight,—  
Who gave an added charm to all  
That came within his favored sight.

He told his tales in sheer delight.  
They listened, for all loved the man  
That came within his favored sight.  
Alas! his life was but a span!

They listened, for all loved the man;  
He made unknowing eyes perceive.  
Alas! his life was but a span!  
In spirit, *never* will he leave.

He made unknowing eyes perceive  
The waving palms, with branches plumed.  
In spirit, *never* will he leave  
The South Sea Isles, with flowers perfumed.













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